PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

APR 21 1934

The New Statesman and Nation, January 6, 1934

LOW Caricature: Somerset Maugham

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. VII. No. 150 (New Series) **SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1934** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS	Page 1	SOMERSET MAUGHAM	Page 13
HAPPY NEW YEAR	4	THE BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL. By W. J. Turner	14
KHAMA'S COUNTRY. By J. H. Driberg	5	PLAYS AND PICTURES	15
A LONDON DIARY	6	BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	16
PRONUNCIATION. By Y. Y.	7	REVIEWS:	
A POOR STUDENT LOOKS AT OXFORD. By John Brown	8	The Memoirs of a Ghost	17
CORRESPONDENCE	9	An Early Victorian. By Richard Strachey	18
From W. Horstall Carter; Vindicator; C. S. Orwin; A. M. Sheldrake; Sir Reginald Blomfield; Michael Pease; Ronald Matthews; A. Sugden; E. E. King; W. G. Beaman; Silvia Tatham; Eva Collet Reckitt; Vernon Rendall; W. S. Kennedy.		The Learned Dane. By Ernest Weekley	18
		Charles Edward at Derby. By Donald Carswell	19
		Revolutionary Spain	20
		Money and Goods. By J. A. Hobson	20
		Common Sense and Two Nightmares	22
A HUMBLE PETITION. By MacFlecknoe	12	SHORTER NOTICES	22
CONSTANTIN GUYS. By Peter Quennell	13	PLAYTIME. By Caliban	24
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY	26

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE WEEK-END REVIEW

Next Week's Amalgamation

WITH next week's issue THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and THE WEEK-END REVIEW will appear as one paper. Both names will be retained. *The Week-end Review* was founded by Mr. Gerald Barry nearly four years ago, and at once made a name for itself by independent, able and witty journalism. It has stood consistently for an enlightened attitude in international and social affairs, and the amalgamation represents a real union of progressive opinion. Mr. Gerald Barry has accepted an invitation to become a member of the Board controlling the combined paper, which will continue to be edited by Mr. Kingsley Martin. It is intended to develop the paper so as to ensure the retention of distinctive features and well-known contributors of *The Week-end Review*. We have every confidence that the amalgamation will be appreciated by readers of both papers.

Sir John Simon in Rome

Sir John Simon and Signor Mussolini are engaged in their much-heralded conversations, as we write. These are said to be cordial, and we have no reason to doubt it. But it is difficult to see how Anglo-Italian cordiality is going to bridge the gulf between Paris and Berlin. There is no sign of agreement on points of substance. The Germans still insist on their right to increase their military forces and their fortifications, and, as all the world knows, they are steadily rearming. The French are equally against the rearmament of Germany and disarmament for themselves. Mussolini does not particularly want rearmament, but he is not prepared to put effective pressure on Germany to stop it. The Italian proposals for the reform of the Covenant and the machinery of the League may be regarded as an attempt to get round the difficulty. But even supposing such a reform would conciliate the Nazis, it is obviously not practical politics in present circumstances. The opposition of France and the smaller Powers will be a brick wall against which Italians and British—if British views do really agree with Italian—will push their heads in vain.

America and the League

Meanwhile some hopes—very faint ones, it must be admitted—have been roused by American and Russian pronouncements. President Roosevelt at Washington last week observed that the United States was co-operating fully with the League, though it had no intention of becoming a member. But this co-operation has been going on for a long time now, and has apparently done nothing to prevent the disintegration of the League. Mr. Roosevelt also propounded a plan of salvation. He wants an all-round agreement for the "progressive elimination of offensive weapons," combined with a "continuous international inspection" and "a simple declaration" by every State that its armed forces will not

cross its neighbours' frontiers. Quite so; but he offers no suggestion as to how these admirable aspirations are to be realised. They have been argued over *ad nauseam* for the last two years, and the net result of it all is that, in Mr. Litvinov's words, "instead of disarmament the central question has become re-armament."

Warnings from Moscow

Mr. Litvinov's speech in Moscow was much more realistic, and the comments on it in the "bourgeois press" of the world reflect the growing prestige of Russia. The speech did not pretend to be epoch making, but it was weighty and to the point. The Soviet Foreign Minister was certainly entitled to congratulate himself and his hearers on the good relations that he has established with France and Poland and the United States; and we hope that his confident belief in the early signature of an Anglo-Soviet trade agreement will be justified. With Germany, and still more with Japan, he indulged in very plain speaking as to Russia's determination and readiness to defend her territory against aggression. Whether the Japanese will heed his warnings (reinforced as they are by the Soviet-American *rapprochement*) is the big question for Moscow and the world at large. Towards the League Mr. Litvinov now adopts a comparatively respectful attitude. But this is to be explained by the exigencies of the situation; it does not betoken any new found belief in the virtue or the efficacy of the Covenant. And the U.S.S.R., like the U.S.A., may co-operate with the League, but will not join it.

The Rumanian Troubles

This world has long been accustomed to shrug its shoulders at Rumanian politics as an incurably dirty business. But the latest developments, following on the murder of M. Ion Duca, the newly appointed Prime Minister, look unusually sinister. The assassin is not just a mad youth; he is an adherent of the Iron Guard, a reactionary anti-Semitic and terrorist organisation with a widespread membership, including many persons in high positions, and looking abroad for models for its desperate policy. The country is now under martial law, and some of the leaders of the Iron Guard have been arrested; but the snake is not yet scotched, let alone killed. Letters have been sent threatening death to M. Angelescu, the successor for a few days of M. Duca, and to M. Titulescu, the Foreign Minister. Even if these threats come to nothing, there remains ample ground for anxiety. The political disturbances reflect the profound economic discontent which reigns in the country—alike among the peasantry, hit hard by the world slump and the fall in prices, and the great host of officials with their salaries unpaid. The so-called "Liberal" Government is confronted with a mountain of debts, and its programme offers the grisly comfort of more "economy." There appears to be no alternative constitutional Government; the main Opposition party, the National Peasants, are in no condition to ride the whirlwind. There is the possibility of an attempt at a tighter dictatorship by King Carol—or by somebody else.

The President's Message to Congress

President Roosevelt's message to Congress was in effect addressed not only to Congress, but to the people of the United States. The President heightened its significance by delivering it personally instead of following the usual practice of sending it to be read. In a sense he said little that was new, and certainly he gave no fresh indication of the policy which he means to follow in the immediate future. But this does not lessen the importance of what he had to say. For his message was above all an emphatic declaration of faith in the policy which he has been pursuing, not only as a means of combating the present depression, but also as a basis for the permanent reconstruction of American economic life. According to the President, the rotten pieces have to be cut drastically out of American business, and the N.R.A., with its policy of regulated wages and labour conditions, regulated industrial combines and selling prices and the recognition of Trade Unionism, has come to stay. It is noteworthy that on the same day the Republican Party leader in Congress was saying exactly the opposite things, and at once denying the need for any far-reaching changes in the economic system and proclaiming again the sanctity of the Constitution bequeathed by Jefferson and Washington to the American people. There is clearly a struggle coming between Mr. Roosevelt and the American Conservatives; but there is no doubt of the overwhelming prestige which the President enjoys at present with the American public, or of his power to get his own way with Congress in almost anything he likes to ask for.

The German Debts

The United States has now joined Great Britain in addressing a protest to the Germans against their policy in the matter of foreign debts. The Americans have, indeed, even stronger reasons than we have to complain; for they were the chief financiers of the Reich between 1924 and 1929, and by far the largest part of the foreign capital in Germany is American. The point of the protests is not that Germany ought to be made to pay more than she can afford, though we can hardly be prepared to accept Dr. Schacht's word unchecked as a satisfactory assurance of what she can really afford to pay. The point is, first, that the Germans are discriminating unfairly between their foreign creditors, by keeping up full payment to the Swiss and Dutch in return for special arrangements for the receipt of German exports in Holland and Switzerland, and that there is a widespread belief that they are making the plea of inability to pay a counter in the political game. No one denies that Germany is poor, or that there is a strong case for writing off part of her inflated capital borrowings. We ought to be ready to meet the Germans in a generous way as soon as they are prepared to talk candidly and to play fair. The scare that they are not at all inclined to do either is at the back of the general endorsement of the British and American protests, even by those who have no great love for bondholders as a class.

Quota Difficulties

The French Government, having removed the special surtax upon goods from Great Britain, against which our Government has been protesting for a long time, has promptly replaced it by a new extension of the quota system. This is likely, in some cases at least, to hit our exporters a good deal harder than did the surtax; and the cotton exporters are already up in arms against it.

The new policy is not, however, so vulnerable to protests as the old, in that it is designed far more to restrict the total of imports than to discriminate against any particular country. France, still on the gold standard, finds herself less able to export and more a target for foreign importers; and we cannot blame her if, in a world of economic nationalism, she adopts a restrictive policy, unless that policy also discriminates against us. Nor can we afford to throw stones, in face of our own quotas and their effects on Denmark and Holland, to say nothing of our special arrangements to secure preferential treatment for our coal exporters in foreign markets. These, by the way, are working none too well. The Norwegians, who have promised to take 75 per cent. of their coal imports from us, will find it difficult to carry out their engagements. Their quota for non-British coal for the next six months is already nearly full, whereas their actual purchases of British coal are far below what was expected. They complain that our coal is much dearer than the Polish; and their importers demand a revision of the bargain.

Potatoes

All commercial growers of potatoes are being called upon to register by January 17th in readiness for the poll which is to be taken with a view to setting up a marketing scheme. This scheme does not go so far as the pig and milk schemes in establishing a new marketing organisation. But it is designed to regulate the supply of potatoes coming on the market in such a way as to eliminate the periodical gluts which react so disastrously upon prices. Imports are to be kept out, except where there is a shortage in the home supply; and the home supply itself is to be regulated by preventing the sale of the smaller potatoes, which will be used instead for feeding to live stock on the farms. But it is hoped to accomplish all this without creating any central marketing body, merely by varying from time to time the size of the potatoes that are allowed to be sent to market. Thus, once again Mr. Elliot has put forward a scheme marked by ingenuity in facing a difficult technical problem, and so designed as to reduce the machinery of collective regulation to the minimum. The scheme will presumably be accepted by the growers, who will dominate the Board that is to be in charge of its working. Consumers will wait to see whether the Board confines itself to preventing occasional gluts, or sets out to create a famine in order to raise prices to growers.

Wrong Lines in Education

This is the season when the practitioners of education confer on the purpose of their art. Every kind of teacher holds its assembly; and the general Conference of Educational Associations serves as a clearing-house for the broader ideas. Dr. Dyson, this year's President, is music master at Winchester, and his very pertinent theme was that, if we want to adapt ourselves to the new world in which we shall have to live, we ought to make our schools far less places of training for a trade or profession and far more places of education in the arts of leisure, which the new age is likely to yield us in much greater abundance. Our Public Schools and Universities, Dr. Dyson pointed out, are highly vocational institutions, designed originally to train Clerks in Holy Orders, and now to train clerkly persons for professional service. But in the modern world there is less need to train people vocationally and more to teach them the arts of life. This comes, indeed, from a music teacher who has his own subject very much in mind. But it is true all the same, and it needs saying. For assuredly Dr. Dyson is right in insisting that our favoured curricula are the products of tradition and have little relevance to the needs of to-day. Our educational system needs replanning from top to bottom; but we doubt whether, despite Dr. Dyson's advocacy, the replanning will come from the Public Schools. Snobbery is too powerful an influence holding them to the old ways; and snobbery is reinforced by short-run calculations of interest. Examinations, including those for the Civil Service, are still made mainly for gentlemen; and this exerts a powerful reaction on the schools. The State schools, if they had the courage, are more free to try new ways.

"Equal Pay for Equal Work"

Another question, which was warmly debated at the conference of the National Union of Women Teachers, was that of "unequal pay for equal work." This is a long-standing grievance, which is not confined to the teaching profession. Throughout industry the wages of women are in general lower than those of men, even in cases where the work is identical, or very similar. Various justifications are offered for this. One is that the value of women's work is less than that of men's as a rule, and another, still more potent, is that the man has a family to keep and the woman only herself. This latter assertion, as a matter of plain fact, is untrue in a vast number of instances; but the argument still serves to uphold a manifest injustice. As for the theory that a woman's work is normally less valuable than that of a man, whatever force it may have in some occupations, it surely has none in teaching. There is no valid reason why women and men teachers of the same grade—say the headmistress of an elementary girls' school—and the headmaster of a boys' school—should not receive the same salaries.

New Year Honours

The Honours List published on New Year's Day was not a very thrilling affair—but then it seldom is. The most-talked-of item is the peerage conferred on Mr. Godfrey Elton, an Oxford don, who edits the *News-Letter* and supports the Prime Minister through every bog and fog. He will add a large percentage to the membership of the National Labour Party in the House of Lords. We are glad to see that fine old scholar, Dr. T. E. Page, the editor of the Loeb Classics, made a Companion of Honour; and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke's knighthood marks the recognition of a very distinguished actor. For the rest, there are decorations in the various Orders, from the Garter to the British Empire, and a number of titles for public and political services, on which it would be invidious to comment minutely. Of more importance than these gewgaws is the elevation of Mr. Eden from the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs to the office of Lord Privy Seal. His main function will be to look after League of Nations business; and the move is designed, we understand, to strengthen the political representation of the Foreign Office. We hope it will; the Foreign Office badly needs some pep. But it is not clear how this arrangement is going to work. Are there to be "two kings in Brentford"? Or is Sir John Simon still to be boss? Or can it be that the Cabinet thinks Sir John Simon ——?

HAPPY NEW YEAR

WITH a large Budget surplus in prospect, trade slowly improving, and the blessing of dearer food well in sight, we are all being bidden to gird up our loins for a Happy New Year. The country, we are told, is out of the wood at last; British grit is no longer sticking in the wheels, but triumphantly seeing us through. In one sense, indeed, we must beware of thinking that the crisis is over; if it were, the teachers and the civil servants and the unemployed would come demanding more money, and that would never do. But in every other sense the crisis *is* over; and surely we ought to be duly grateful to the National Government that has rescued us from the abyss.

Well, well! Things are better than they were, in an economic sense. Despite Ottawa, we have been remarkably successful in holding our foreign markets, and in making small gains here and there. Despite the reductions in wages and unemployment benefits and the imposition of tariffs, we have profited by the very low prices at which a world, mostly a good deal worse off than we are, has been ready to sell us the goods that we need. Despite defaults and rumours of war and alleged threats of "dictatorship" from the Labour Left, stocks and shares have been looking up; and the capitalists are manifestly feeling more confident about the future. The British middle and upper classes, after years of "ruin," still seem to have plenty of money to spend. Great Britain looks a very prosperous country as long as one is careful to keep out of Lancashire, South Wales, Durham and a few other counties — and who wants to pry into such unpleasant places? Much pleasanter to contemplate the benefit to the taxpayer of the "economies" at the expense of the unemployed. The Means Test seems thoroughly desirable, until one goes and sees for oneself what it means on the Tyne or in one of those obsolescent mining valleys of South Wales. A Happy New Year, then; and a truce to all unpleasant thoughts about the basis of our returning prosperity.

The rest of the world does not feel quite so happy. America, indeed, is still looking with hope to President Roosevelt, whose position with the main body of the public seems to be stronger than ever. The American situation is undoubtedly a good deal better than it was last March. The numbers out of work have been reduced, and something has been done to relieve those who remain out. The farmers, especially in the cotton belt, have got a good deal out of the President's measures for the relief of agriculture, and the wage-earners have got a little, though not nearly so much as they hoped. But there is still a very long way to go before the United States can be regarded as even moderately prosperous again; and there is also the question whether the measures taken to revive prosperity are not all the time preparing the ground for another smash. The American people, however, is not looking so far ahead. It is living on its hopes, and putting its trust in the President somehow—it knows not how—to get it back to real revival. Meanwhile, the American unemployed continue to suffer far worse than ours; and a big section of the working class has nothing much except hope to live on. It still rakes the garbage dumps for rotting scraps, even while it blesses the President.

In France, things are worsening. How can foreign trade be kept up with the franc still on gold, or peasants get a tolerable living except by raising internal food prices far above the world level? France, even more than Great Britain, is a land of quotas, and it is also a land of dear food. Of Germany it is harder to speak; just as there are "German Christians," there appear to be German statisticians prepared to demonstrate at need either Germany's inability to meet her foreign debts or her success in reducing the numbers of the unemployed. What is clear is that, in relation to ours, German costs of living are high, and German wages low; and earnings are much lower than wages, because unemployment has been reduced largely by the enforcement of part-time work. Germany keeps up her exports only by sweating her workers. Probably she could meet her foreign debts if she desired, but only because she is cutting down the standard of living of her own people.

Farther East the peasants are still existing in desperate poverty amid a glut of goods. There is no real revival in the agricultural States, though they are, perhaps, no longer slipping deeper into misery, and their financiers and rentiers are feeling better. Russia, on the other hand, seems to have got over the serious crisis of a year ago, and to be getting on top of her problem of agricultural production, and setting seriously to work at length on her second Five Year Plan. In the West Denmark and Holland have been successfully impoverished by Mr. Elliot, in the interests of the British farmers; and another dose of the same medicine is being promised them for the near future.

In fact, over the world as a whole, even if we leave out of account the threat of war and the widespread decline of human liberty, the suppression of working-class movements and the recrudescence of pogroms, and the other political blessings which 1933 showered so prodigally upon us, there is not much ground for congratulation or confidence, even in a purely economic sense. What improvement there is consists largely of becoming used to adversity, so as not to exaggerate by panic the consequences of depression. This by itself is enough to explain most of the stock market revivals and upward trends in trade and production on which we are being asked to build our hopes of world revival. If the world is reviving it appears to be reviving only to settle down to a steady poverty for the majority on terms consistent with tolerable profits for the few.

For the world is still tackling its economic problem, not by organising the regime of plenty, but by employing artificial scarcity as a means to the re-establishment of profit. When the financial editors tell us that things are looking up they mean, not that the poor are being lifted out of poverty, but that dividends on ordinary shares are being resumed. It is irrelevant to their idea of revival if these advantages are being purchased by lowering the wages of the employed, cutting down the doles of the workless, and pushing on fast with the displacement of labour by machinery under conditions which preclude re-employment because the lowered purchasing power available demands the curtailment of total production. Even President Roosevelt is still trying to make America prosperous by getting it to produce less, and trying out a new "system" on the gaming table of the world money market instead of making a social system to fit the age

of plenty. Here, too, Mr. Elliot's chief trouble is that sows farrow and cows persistently give milk.

That we in Great Britain are on the whole—despite South Wales, Lancashire, Durham, the Clyde and Tyne, and the rest of the depressed areas—rather less ill off then most other people, is mainly the result of the extraordinarily diversified claims to wealth that we have inherited from the past, and of the enormous amount of "slack" that there was to be taken up in our economic system when the trouble began. Even without fundamental reorganisation of our leading industries and with smaller reductions in wages than have occurred in other countries, we have cut our costs a great deal; and, despite the fall in our income from foreign investments, the cheapness of the goods we need chiefly to buy from abroad has enabled us to go on levying a tremendous tribute. But, instead of congratulating ourselves on not being quite so badly off as other people, we ought to be thinking of the absurd contrast between what we have and what we could have if our own and the world's productive resources were being rightly applied. The world knows *how* to produce enough wealth to raise substantially the standard of life in every country. It knows *how* to arrange for the distribution of this wealth on the basis of a fruitful international interchange of products. It even knows *how* to manage its monetary system on a basis consistent with the needs of world trade and internal stability. It knows *how* to settle international disputes without recourse to war, *how* to cut down armaments, *how* to begin organising the world for positive economic and political co-operation. It knows *how* to do far more things to make man prosperous and happy than any previous generation could even imagine. But because of the vice of nationalism and the restrictive nature of private property, it simply will not do any of the things it knows ought to be done. Every country, our own included, is busy doing just the opposite. So, when our Governments wish us a Happy New Year, we cannot help feeling that the only appropriate gesture is a finger to the nose.

KHAMA'S COUNTRY

TSHEKEDI'S reinstatement closed an unpleasant incident, but certain constitutional problems still remain, and his European advisers, Mr. Jennings and Mr. Buchanan, have now arrived in this country to plead his cause, in the larger issues of which his suspension was only a symptom. Three issues are involved, one of them economic and two constitutional, and it is they that demand consideration, not Tshekedi's individual case, since they are issues which affect not only Bechuanaland, but the Basuto and Swazi enclaves almost as intimately and, in one aspect at least, all our African protectorates and colonies.

It will be remembered that Khama with the concurrence of his council voluntarily placed his people, the Bamangwato, under the protection of the Queen's government. His country was being denuded of game by white immigrants, and fear of Boer aggression impelled him to make a treaty with Sir Charles Warren in 1885, which at least had the merit of securing for a time the integrity of their lands. We may observe in the terms of the treaty how far-seeing Khama was: for this is what he wrote: "Further, I give to the Queen to make laws and to change them in the country of the Bamangwato, with reference to both black and white. . . . Although this is so, I have to say that there are certain laws of my country which the Queen of England finds in operation, and which are advantageous to my people, and I wish these laws should be established, and not taken away by the Government of England. (These were laws relating to intoxicating liquors and the inviolability of their lands). . . . My people enjoy three things in our country: they enjoy their cultivated lands, and their cattle-stations, and their hunting-grounds. We have lived through these three things. Certainly the game will come to an end in the future, but at present it is in my country, and while it is there I hold that it ought to be hunted by my people. . . . My people must not be prevented from hunting in all the country except where the English shall have to come to dwell."

Ten years later Khama visited England expressly to place his fears of expropriation before the Queen, and in the course of a letter to Chamberlain, written while he was in England, occur the following prophetic sentences: "Where will the cattle stay if the waters are thus taken from us? They will die. The Company wants to impoverish us so that hunger may drive us to become the White Man's servants and dig in his mines and gather his wealth." While Khama lived, the movement to incorporate Bechuanaland in the Union received no serious consideration, but his death was followed by an immediate agitation in this direction. This was, however, successfully resisted by his successor, Sekgoma, only to be revived on the accession of Tshekedi in 1925. So serious indeed did the situation appear that Tshekedi also visited England in 1930 to protest against his country being incorporated in the Union and against the exploitation of minerals in Bechuanaland, as that would be detrimental to the economic activities on which the Bamangwato depend for their existence. It may be said that the recent crisis was a logical development of this situation, and that Tshekedi's reinstatement offers a palliative, but no solution of a problem which goes deeper than personalities.

These are matters of history, but it is remarkable how faithfully Khama's prevision has been justified by events. The Suto-Chuana group of tribes, which includes the Bamangwato, differs from most other native communities in South Africa, in that they live in compact villages, some of which are large enough to be called towns, rather than in scattered household-groups and garden settlements. This feature of their culture has given them a greater degree of solidarity and to some extent accounts for their conservatism and for the integrity of their own institutions, which are slow to react to external influences. They have succeeded, too, in maintaining their comparative independence by a peaceful disposition, which expresses itself in an unusual readiness for compromise. This may perhaps be due to the peculiarly democratic nature of their institutions, which, while conceding to their ruler a socio-religious pre-eminence, yet demand that ultimately the will of the people must prevail. The council, and not the chief, is the important political factor and, as we have seen, even Khama, powerful as his peculiar qualities had made him, had to consult his council during his negotiations with Sir Charles Warren. These characteristics—their conservative and democratic spirit allied to an innately pacific culture that prefers compromise to resistance—not only make the recent exhibition of force a trifle ridiculous, but afford us the surest hope of an equitable settlement in the future, if the problem is approached in the right way.

Unfortunately the economic situation has gone from bad to worse in recent years, and this has inevitably had the gravest political reactions. The Protectorate includes the vast Kalahari desert, and despite an average elevation of almost 3,000 feet and a continental climate giving sharp distinctions of summer and winter it is generally of an arid nature and subject to severe and not infrequent droughts. Large areas of grazing cannot be utilised because the available water is insufficient for the needs of the livestock, and though there is a rich flora and the country is not infertile, cultivation is hampered by the same cause. Consequently no development may be expected in this direction unless capital can be found to sink wells and to promote irrigation.

Formerly the requirements of the Bamangwato were such

that they were able to exist satisfactorily enough on their cattle, on the game of which there was an abundance, and on the cereal crops which supplemented their larder. Now their supplies of water have been restricted in certain directions, and they also have to contribute towards the revenues of the Protectorate; with fewer resources they have to raise both the quantity and the quality of their production, and have to stand or fall with the prosperity of the Protectorate as a whole. It is no longer a tribal concern, but the tribe finds itself involved in financial and political transactions which it had not before envisaged. Game has largely disappeared and hunting is rigorously controlled. The sale of hides and skins, on which they mainly depended for the payment of taxation, has shown a steady decrease in value owing to inferior preparation, and the cattle industry has received a final blow through the embargo laid on export owing to a severe outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. The extent of such a disaster to a country dependent largely on its cattle industry may readily be imagined. The grain grown is sufficient only for consumption and leaves no margin of profit.

The result is that the Protectorate is bankrupt, and only a recent grant-in-aid has enabled it to carry on at all; the prophecy of Khama is in a good way to being fulfilled. With the bankruptcy of the Protectorate the vicious circle is complete, as there is no capital available for the irrigation works which, with improved communications, alone can restore prosperity. No new sources of revenue are available, and there is no employment within the Protectorate. The imports and taxation of the native population exceed their exports by £150,000, and this has to be found by employment outside the Protectorate. This means that over 60 per cent. of able-bodied men have to leave their families annually and travel several hundred miles for work, receiving at the end of a year £14, of which a third goes on expenses. This far exceeds the ratio of safety which has been established as a working principle by the Government of the Belgian Congo, has resulted in the complete break-up of family life and has reduced tribal life to chaos. It has contributed to an enormous increase in venereal disease, with naturally a deleterious check on the normal birth rate. The population is mentally, morally and economically stagnant as the result of impossible conditions.

So much for the economic side, which is as gloomy as possible. On the constitutional side the Union is not unnaturally anxious to incorporate the three States; but, without the consent of the tribes, treaty obligations make this impossible, and it is unlikely that any of the tribes would give their consent, as incorporation would not offer a cure for their economic ills. What is becoming apparent, however, is that the nature of the present administration is unsatisfactory. It is no criticism of the High Commissioner and his staff to say that they have not the same experience and knowledge as are available to the colonial staffs of the regular protectorates. In the nature of things this is bound to be so, and Bechuanaland is not therefore being served by those most competent to administer and to advise. Were these territories to be transferred from the High Commissioner to the direct control of the Colonial Office, there is every reason to suppose that an immediate improvement would follow and that capital would be found to put in hand those works which can alone restabilise the economic situation. It is a solution, moreover, which would appeal to the tribes and would eliminate once and for all what to them is the bogy of southern aggression and incorporation; it would make it possible once more for the Protectorate to become economically and politically self-sufficient.

But this brings us to the second constitutional problem, and that is the position of the chief. It is a problem which has wider application than in Bechuanaland, but Tshekedi's case serves to point the issue. As a capable chief and an enlightened ruler—these are the testimonies of Europeans in South Africa—Tshekedi has our sympathy in his troubles; but we cannot ignore the fact that he has largely himself to blame, because he has chosen to ignore the constitutional position which he should hold in his tribe. This is one of the grave dangers of what is known as "indirect rule." The salutary checks on autocracy which all native constitutions imposed have been largely abrogated under indirect rule. "The chief can do no wrong" is the facile interpretation of European administrators. Such a view makes things easier for the alien Government, but it leads to every sort of abuse and oppression when he finds that he has nothing to fear from his own people so long as he has the authority of government behind him to re-enforce whatever he, as the Government's representative, conceives to be politic. It leads to a breach between the chief and his people; he is apt to become the complete tyrant, which he would never have dared to be within the limits of his traditional office. The result is that the chief has not the backing of his people, because he exceeds his powers, and this is a development to which indirect rule is particularly prone and which has been insufficiently watched in the past. There is no doubt that Tshekedi has ignored his council and the constitutional procedure of his tribe, and by ignoring it has considerably embarrassed those officials who were most anxious to help him. This is a matter which cannot be dropped, however unpalatable the consequences may be to individual prestige, and even if nothing more comes of this particular incident (though it is difficult to see how Bechuanaland can be left as it is), it has at least opened our eyes to an abuse of constitutional privilege which has an application wherever the policy of indirect rule is in operation.

J. H. DRIBERG

A LONDON DIARY

A CHRISTMAS truce, I said, to public affairs and public people, to Sir John Simon, General Göring, Leopold Harris and the problem of disarmament. So I went for a week to Switzerland, where, they said, I should find peace and sunshine in company with the Not-Impossible Ski. *En route* I fell in with a Frenchman, a close student of international affairs. He began at once: "Are you British really deceived by Hitler's peace talk as Brüning and the Social Democrats were deceived inside Germany? He says that he is a man of peace: he wants not war, but the fruits of victory. He asks you to talk with him while he arms. When he is ready, he will put a knife in your back or into any part of you that happens to be unprotected." I pointed out that in England we were not concerned that Hitler intended war or that war might come soon, in view of the greatly superior armaments of France and her allies. He replied: "Are we really so superior in force? Ever since the Armistice Germany has been using her foreign loans to build up an unrivalled equipment of factories and a superb air fleet. She has already had nine months of open rearmament—the war baby may surely be expected soon! How many munitions did we produce in nine months during the war and without anything like the equipment with which Nazi Germany begins? Every week munition workers in Germany let us know secretly what arms they are making, how their factories are working day and night . . . in a year's time—I give the spring of 1935 as the outside date—Germany will be ready to attack. And Hitler means war. Has no one in England read *Mein Kampf* and noticed that he says that 'to forge a well-sharpened sword is the object of a people's domestic policy,' and that 'an alliance which is not concluded with a view to war is absurd and worthless'?"

* * *

I asked how it was, if Germany's intentions were so clear, that France was also "talking to Hitler." "Because," he said, "we still hope to avoid war. The French people are very pacific, and if we can persuade England to abide by the Covenant and the Treaties there would not be war. We talk with Hitler now because in the present temper of France we must. But the difference between British and French 'talk' with Hitler is simply that if we once tell the people here in France the truth about German rearmament, and they see the necessity of stopping it, they will act. But in England

World Copyright Strictly Reserved

we do not see the will to act. England is doing just what she did before the last war—trying not to commit herself. And the results must be the same. Are you really going to repeat the mistake of Sir Edward Grey?"

* * *

My next conversation was with a newspaper correspondent in Paris, who told me about the foreign activities of the Nazis, how they had bought French newspapers, how they threatened to raid the houses of those suspected of having anti-Nazi correspondents in Germany, and how they had now established a reign of terror in the Saar. "You may soon learn what their methods are like in England," he said, "they are utterly unscrupulous and they advance everywhere because no one stands up to them. I am not so sure as some of my French friends that the Nazis will attack on the Western front so soon—it will be three years, I think, before they are ready, and it is even conceivable that the intrigues of the *Comité des Forges*, which enjoys arming both countries and which is playing for a war against Russia, may come off. The next war may be on the Eastern and not on the Western front. But is that really so much better? They aim—and tell us so—at European hegemony and when they have finished on one front they will turn to the other, just as Bismarck did. They believe that war pays. But there need be no war if Hitler is shown that war will not pay him. Hitler opposed by collective action can be defeated; Hitler accepted at his face value means war."

* * *

I escaped into the train and somewhere—perhaps in the taxi—I lost my wallet with most of my money. I told the conductor on the train of my misfortune. He said: "Why worry? You will not need money in a year's time! We shall be at war in a year's time. Unfortunately. *I* do not want to fight again. See, I was wounded here, in the forehead, in the last war. No one wants war except the Germans. But war is almost here." "Surely," I said, "there are other possibilities. War is not at all certain. There is no such thing as inevitable war." "Perhaps not," said the conductor. "It's not certain, not more certain than that the sun will be in the sky once more to-morrow." "But," I asked, "if there is war are you sure people will fight again? May not war mean revolution?" "No," he said, "I saw that, too, in 1917. The men thought they would not fight. But the officers drew their revolvers and it was all over—finished. Men are sheep."

* * *

The season had not begun when I reached the hotel, high up in the mountains. It was hot in the sun and there had been an excellent snow fall. It was wonderfully quiet. The first person I met was a German guest to whom I unguardedly remarked that I had recently made the acquaintance of a great many Germans in London. "Ah," he said, "Jews, I suppose. Why did they leave Germany? They need not have gone. No one would have hurt them." And he went on to explain that all this talk of Jewish persecution was propaganda. ". . . But," he said, breaking off, "one should not talk politics on a holiday. . . ." No, I thought, one should not. And I went out to hire a pair of skis. One should not talk politics, even when told that friends who were beaten daily in concentration camps had nothing to fear, even when I remembered a dozen haunted faces I had seen during the last weeks, and recalled how they had wanted to write, to scrub floors, to do anything in order that they might have a few shillings to send to their wives or parents in Germany. No, one should not talk politics on holiday.

* * *

When steps are taken to obviate those causes of accidents which can be obviated if reasonable precautions are taken, then we can look forward to a decreasing toll of the roads.—*Car Topics.*

* * *

I fear that India, with its deep religious convictions, mainly non-Christian, may consider the playing of a Test Match in India on Sunday to be a public repudiation of Christianity by English cricketers.—A correspondent in the *Times.*

My own experience is that the more women know about the handling of firearms the better for them.—*Daily Mirror.*

* * *

Our lives were in the hands of God and the engine room. If either had failed we should all have been dead to-night.—Commodore Gjeitsen on the Byrd Antarctic expedition.—*Daily Herald.*

CRITIC

PRONUNCIATION

PRONUNCIATION is a matter in regard to which feeling usually runs high. It is as though mankind, having invented articulate speech, realised that it would be useless unless there was a general agreement to use more or less the same sounds to indicate the same things. Even the displacement of the accent is sometimes enough to make a word unintelligible to the hearer. When I was in Madrid last spring, for example, I asked a taxi-driver to take me to the Palace Hotel. He said that he had never heard of it, and a number of other taxi-drivers whom he consulted professed to be equally ignorant, though my friends and I repeated the words several times with the usual English pronunciation. At last, intelligence dawned in the taxi-driver's features, and he cried: "Ah, Pah-láss." The difference in pronunciation was slight, but it was enough to prevent understanding. Probably, if a Spaniard came to London and asked to be directed to the Pah-láss Theatre, he would have to repeat his inquiry several times before he was understood.

If difficulties of this kind arise between citizens of different countries over a slight change in the sound of a word, it is no wonder that human beings aspire after a standard pronunciation which will reduce as far as possible the chances of misunderstanding. Because of this aspiration, even children greet a mispronounced word with mockery. The reading class in an infants' school can be thrown into fits of laughter by an original mispronunciation of a word. At a later stage, such pronunciation as "vehemminent" for vehement" or "detter-mined" for "determined" are greeted with superior and joyful derision. The convention of speech is one of the first conventions that the child learns to respect. And in this the child obeys a wise instinct, since speech is merely a collection of conventional sounds, in dealing with which originality of pronunciation is usually a mark of sheer ignorance.

It is true that the child's scorn of pronunciations other than his own arises partly from his habit of regarding everything unusual as funny. Many English children think the Scottish kilt funny, and French gesticulations funny. I myself, growing up in Belfast, looked on the perfectly correct pronunciations of English visitors as funny. They seemed to me to call Ireland "Ahland" and water "watah." As for their attempts to pronounce some of the place-names of Ulster, such as Ahoghill, it was one of the joys of my infancy to listen to them. I have heard Englishmen mispronouncing even such simple names as Coleraine, Strabane and Donegal. Some writers have attributed the tendency to laugh at mispronunciations to snobbery or to a sense of class superiority. That, they say, is why we laugh at the Cockneyisms of Sam Weller and his father and the brogue of Mulvaney. I believe this to be utter nonsense. I felt no class superiority to the English visitors whose pronunciations amused me. I regarded Englishmen, on the contrary, with a religious reverence in comparison with which Mr. Kipling's Imperialism seems half-hearted. The comedy of mispronunciation is, it seems to me, though touched with derision, largely the comedy of the unexpected. For example, I saw nothing comic in the familiar mispronunciations of my nurse. She said "poalisman" for policeman, called bread "braid" and tea "tay," and said "advértise" and "advertísement" in the old-fashioned way. To me it was the accent of Oxford, not the accent of Ballymacarret, that seemed funny. Only on the assumption that I had an inferiority complex which made me hostile to Oxford could this be interpreted as a form, if an inverted one, of snobbery.

Derision of unusual pronunciations, however, can be justified even on utilitarian grounds. We want to live in a

world of mutual understanding, and we feel that, for this purpose, it does not much matter how we pronounce words so long as we all pronounce them in the same way. Feeling this, we long for an authority which will settle for us the best pronunciation of the age. Not that we desire a dictator of speech. What we want is a dictionary-maker who will tell us how words are usually pronounced and spelt by educated men and women in our own time. It may be argued that the speech of educated people is no purer than the speech of the Somerset peasantry; but, as their vocabulary is larger and more in harmony with the vocabulary of literature, most people have agreed to accept the speech of the educated classes as the standard of correct speech. Without some such agreement, no one would dare to compile a pronouncing dictionary. Or, rather, perhaps, we should have scores of dictionaries—an Oxford Dictionary, a Cockney Dictionary, a Devonshire Dictionary, a Yorkshire Dictionary, an Anglo-Welsh Dictionary, and so forth, all of them recommending different pronunciations of words, especially in regard to the vowel sounds.

I, though I cannot pronounce English correctly, am glad of the existence of a standard to which everybody is supposed to approximate. Without such a standard there would be perpetual confusion in the English-speaking parts of these islands. Even as it is, differences of accent in English are constantly leading to misunderstanding. I remember how, many years ago, a friend of mine, an art-student, came to live in lodgings in London, and how, one day, feeling a little out of sorts, he told his landlord that he had a headache. He pronounced the word as it is commonly pronounced in Belfast, "heddick"; and it required a long conversation, much of it at cross-purposes, before he could rid his landlord of the idea either that he had eaten a haddock which had made him ill or that he was asking to be given a haddock for breakfast next morning. I think I have told somewhere before of a similar difficulty in which I myself was involved as a result of conflicting pronunciations, when I first came to London. Suffering from a sore throat, I went into a little chemist's shop in the neighbourhood of Euston and asked for some pine pastilles. The chemist was extremely Cockney in his speech, and obviously thinking that when I said "pine" I meant "pain," he asked me, "Wot sort of a pine do you want them for?" I said that I didn't want them for a pain, but merely wanted a tin of pine pastilles. "Yes," he persisted, "but wot I'm asking you is, where have you got this pine?" If I had been readier-witted, I should have replied, "I have a pine in my throat." But I never thought of it, and in despair I had to change the word and the thing to glycerine.

A standard pronunciation would free us from difficulties of that kind. I do not much care whether Englishmen decide to pronounce pain "pane" or "pine," provided that they all pronounce it in the one way or the other. I hold, however, that there should be a fairly rigid standard of correct speech, and that all clergymen, actors, public speakers, and B.B.C. announcers should be expected to conform to it.

How, then, are we to discover this standard except in the norm of educated speech? Reformers may wish to amend speech so as to restore the long e to "ethics" and the long o to "Socrates"; but most of us are content to accept the established usage, even if it began as a mispronunciation. Being of the same mind as the majority, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Bernard Shaw and his fellow-members of the committee that advises the B.B.C. about the pronunciation of English are going the wrong way about their business. They seem to believe that what is wanted of them is, not to discover how words are actually pronounced by good speakers, but—in some cases at least—how the present pronunciation could be improved for broadcasting purposes. Mr. Shaw definitely lays it down that, for the purposes of wireless and the telephone, "we have to get rid not only of imperfect pronunciations but of ambiguous ones." To my mind, if this is true of wireless, it must be equally true—much truer indeed—of ordinary life. If it is important to pronounce "immanent" with the accent on the second syllable for the sake of clarity when a trained announcer speaks the word into a microphone, how much more necessary is the new pronunciation among the echoes of the Albert Hall or amid the deafening chatter of a dean's dinner-table! Yet the reformed pronunciation happens to be wrong, and it is not the business of the B.B.C. to broadcast wrong pronunciations into the homes of the innocent.

Some of the reforms recommended by Mr. Shaw's committee cannot even be defended on the ground that they get rid of ambiguity. "Despicable" and "disputable," with the accent on the first syllable, when articulated clearly, bring no cloud of misunderstanding into the mind of the hearer. Mr. Shaw even maintains that "decadent" should be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, for aesthetic reasons. The answer is that it isn't.

Mr. Shaw, however, is a born nonconformist. His genius is the richer for his nonconformity; but the genius of the artist, which is individualistic, is essentially different from the talent of the authority on speech, which is submissive to authority and a slave to evidence. We do not ask a dictionary-maker to tell us how he thinks "tomato" ought to be pronounced, but how it is actually pronounced by good speakers. In the same way, we do not want Mr. Shaw and his fellow-committeemen to tell us how "Conduit Street" would be pronounced in their ideal world. All that we ask of them is to find out how "Conduit Street" is pronounced in England in the year 1934.

Unless the committee accepts the best contemporary speech as the standard of pronunciation, a door will be open to all kinds of changes based on mere caprice. The committee may one day decide that "plough" and "though" and "hough" and all words ending in "ough" should be pronounced so as to rhyme with "enough." For the sake of euphony they may call Leicester Square "Lie-cess-ter Square" and restore the "w" sound to Chiswick. That is the worst of original genius. No man of genius ought ever to be allowed to sit on a committee. If he is, he will get things done even if they are the wrong things. Y. Y.

A POOR STUDENT LOOKS AT OXFORD

I CAME to Oxford at twenty-four years of age, with experience as a journalist, a salesman, a bricklayer's labourer, a sailor, and a political organiser. This is in startling contrast to the record of the average undergraduate, but it is analogous to the records of most workers who filter through to Oxford from the industrial field. My first impressions were of a general lack of discipline and a general plenitude of money. After the rigid discipline and military organisation of industry, Oxford seemed revolutionary. And so it is.

In economic life the individual is crushed his capacity for leadership and his initiative are stifled; but Oxford develops these qualities and encourages individualism. The tutorial system, the abjectness of Oxford tradesmen, the "scout" system, the organisation of the Union Society, and the plethora of clubs, each with its own officials—these are only a few examples. This is the explanation of why young Oxford graduates can go to the ends of the earth and administer thousands of natives in areas sometimes greater than Britain. This explains the superb self-confidence that is the Oxford man's special characteristic. (I admit there are exceptions. There must be, with 4,000 students.) The difference between Oxford, and to a lesser degree, Cambridge, and the rest of the country, including the provincial universities, is that Oxford men are trained for leadership and other men are trained to be good technicians and camp followers. This explains the amazing record of success of Oxford men through the centuries, and so long as the present system continues I do not anticipate any change.

As for the wealth of undergraduates, this is very obvious. When I speak of wealth, I mean, of course, comparative wealth,

as I recognise that £3,000 per annum allowances are almost unknown nowadays, and £500 per annum is looked on as sufficient. But to take my own case—I was allowed £25 last year by the organisation providing my scholarship, which was all I had in the world to pay for laundry, clothes, repairs, club subscriptions, maintenance during vacations (half the year) postages, travelling expenses, and the hundred other necessities which must be found.

I succeeded in surviving without tremendous difficulties, as I was lucky enough to obtain work during the vacations. But what of other poor students? A very small percentage obtain work, but most of them are compelled to live on their friends and relatives until term opens.

Along with all other worker-students, I found the atmosphere unreal at first. The cynicism, the absence of belief in anything, the intellectualisation of life—all seemed very depressing. But underneath this surface I found that Oxford was in many ways pulsating with life and that the cynicism covered brave and energetic spirits striving for certainty.

In former years the poor student had a perpetually *arriviste* air about him, but to-day it is impossible to distinguish in the High between men from Balliol and workers who have struggled to the university from loom and lathe.

What are the principal handicaps of the poor student? Well, he frequently cannot afford to join the Union, which means that he misses the chance of obtaining the best debating training in the whole world. He is debarred from achieving popularity on a big scale, because in Oxford popularity is usually a synonym for hospitality, and he cannot afford to entertain. Nor is it possible to be always jovial and full of a light and airy wit, and to plan audacious and exhilarating rags when one is wondering whether credit can be obtained from cobblers. Most poor students have a fear of being patronised, and some of my friends have refused invitations to dinners on such grounds. Lack of money prevents them from enjoying the privileges of membership of the more exclusive clubs.

The worst feature of the poor student's life in Oxford, however, is that while he has no money he is continually in the company of people who have. This usually creates a psychology of inferiority which, subtle and not admitted, is poisonous in its effects. Most poor students in Oxford react to their position in one of the two following ways. They cut themselves completely adrift from university social life, and frequently from the sports activities also, and concentrate on their studies; or they become camp followers of the university, aping the speech and mannerisms that have made Oxford at once the envy and the laughing stock of the world.

I dislike both types, but I have more respect for the first; unfortunately, however, this type not infrequently manifests itself in pipe-smoking, humourless individuals, who talk like the characters in the advertisements of a well-known tobacco, and for whom I invariably conceive an unreasonable loathing at first sight.

Another bad effect that Oxford has on worker-students is that the temporary intoxication produced by being elected an honorary member of the middle class has resulted in many Oxford men of the types I have described drifting into safe routine work which has the effect of killing all mental life.

Sartorially, also, the poor student is overshadowed, and while in appearance he may be indistinguishable from most men with ten times his income, he can never hope to experiment or innovate in the realm of fashion. This is, however, not nearly so severe a penalty as the inability to purchase necessary but expensive books.

It is in the political field that the poor student comes into his own. University politicians are striving to understand working-class problems, and are eager for first-hand information. Much of the political activity in Oxford is due to the depression which has impinged to a large measure upon that certainty of future security of income which the Oxford graduate looked upon as his perogative in former years. Yet there is a lack of sturdiness and determination to grapple with the practical issues of life.

I feel myself here in the midst of a world of talkers, gathered together for a little while inside these friendly walls to discuss world problems, but only to *discuss* them.

Yet one thing is certain, and that is that Oxford is losing its traditional introspection and is developing a new sense of values. It may still be full of dreamers, both rich and poor, but at least some of them are dreaming of building a new and better world and will be prepared to struggle for it when the moment comes.

JOHN BROWN

Correspondence

BACK TO ANARCHY

SIR,—I fail to see that the ineffectiveness of the present Genevan embryo of an international society has anything to do with the so-called "democratic" tradition. Italian critics of the League are, I am afraid, tilting at windmills. Equality of all States in the sight of the law is fundamental to any organised society of nations. Inequality of function and responsibility were expressly provided for by the framers of the Covenant, in the delimitation of the tasks of Council and Assembly.

Still less can Geneva be charged with being a predominantly French "show." For, whatever may be the implications of Articles 8-20 of the Covenant, and however diligent certain Committees have been in trying to translate the principle of collective responsibility into concrete terms, the League *in practice* has eschewed the French conception of an organised society, an authority over-riding national sovereignty in respect of armaments, with its own police and magisterial power, and limited itself to a settled method of conference. The "Anglo-Saxon" reading of the text of peace has prevailed over the more realistic reading indicated by Continental experience.

The grave warning by General Smuts in his Practical Suggestion submitted in December 1918 is sadly relevant to the state of affairs to-day:

"The new situation does not call for a new talking-shop . . .

"We want a League which will be real, practical, and effective as a system of world government. The scheme which I have seen and which brings representatives of all the independent States of the world together in one conference to discuss the most thorny of all subjects and requires that their decisions to be binding must be unanimous, is from that point of view not worth discussion. It means that there never will be any decision issuing from the League; that nobody will take the League seriously; that it will not even serve as camouflage; that it will soon be dead and buried, leaving the world worse than it found it."

And so we are, as you say, "back to anarchy." Diplomacy by conference—still, alas! the British official conception of the League—turns out to be only a euphemism for the law of the jungle.

If Signor Mussolini were only inveighing against the "absurd" idea that a mere front-parlour for Foreign Offices could make any impression on the rooted institution of war, every intelligent man would agree with him. Unfortunately, his aim is manifestly to make "the League" an instrument of Italian instead of French policy. Whereas what is wanted is to *institutionalise* the will to peace of ordinary men and women, for which purpose French adult counsel, judiciously modified by British common sense, is certainly more salutary than the anarchism of the Italian dictator. And that means jealously preserving the equality of status of all States, but also establishing through the pooled power of the big States some knave-proof means of preventing a State from taking the law into its own hands. That "power" cannot be spirited away by incantation, as Dr. Delisle Burns would seem to suggest; it has to be vested in a central authority.

No question of a super-State (the bogy-name for federation). But the method must be realistic and drastic to fit the facts of a war-ridden Europe. (World-government, for the moment, is out of the question in view of developments in the Far East). British "policy" on the other hand, is like a pill to cure an earthquake.

W. HORSTALL CARTER

Savile Club.

NEW YEAR'S HONOURS

SIR,—A study of the New Year's Honours List brings up an interesting, if hypothetical, question.

Supposing a mistake were to be made in the publication of these lists, would that mistake hold good—as the typist's error at the Ottawa Conference was deemed to hold good?

If not, what redress would be open to—for example—an engine-driver who found that an honour destined for himself had accidentally been awarded to a minor novelist? Would the Union of the man concerned be able to take the matter up on his behalf? If so, who would be official defendants in the case, the receiver of the honour in question, the printer responsible for the error, or the Government responsible for the printer? VINDICATOR

THAT SURPLUS MILK

SIR,—The article in your issue of December 30th, 1933, on Surplus Milk goes to the root of the problem, for it is by increased consumption not by reduced production that danger to the milk industry will be averted.

Your own suggestions open up several avenues for increased consumption. I want to refer to only one of them, namely, the milk ration for school children. I suppose that the only obstacle to its universal issue as part of the curriculum is the expense—either the education authorities or the parents think they cannot afford it. May I suggest to the Director of the Milk Marketing Board that he should include "milk for elementary schools" amongst his surplus milk categories, classing it, say, on the level of milk for cream, at 8d. per gallon?

On the face of it, it seems odd that milk should be available for a luxury trade in cream at half the price at which it is available for school children, but while it would be too much to ask the Director to attempt the removal of all the anomalies in the scheme he is called upon to administer, a proposal to divert what might be a very large proportion of milk from the utilisation for butter and cheese at 3¾*d.* into sales for liquid consumption by school children at 8*d.* might be worth his consideration. C. S. ORWIN

Agricultural Economics Research Institute,
Parks Road, Oxford.

SIR,—I feel that all who have the interests of the poorer children of the community at heart must support you in drawing attention to the need for a supply of milk for these children and the favourable opportunity which now occurs to obtain this supply.

Can it be that a writer in the *Field* has been reading THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION?

"The interesting suggestion," he writes, "has been made that the Milk Marketing Board, embarrassed by having to allow milk to be used for cheese manufacture at no more than 3¾*d.* a gallon, could arrange with the public authorities in the distressed areas for supplies of milk to go to the elementary schools at, say, 6*d.* a gallon. Another suggestion is that farmers should be allowed to buy this manufacturing milk at a similar price for feeding to pigs.

"The first proposal *seems* to be the more desirable."

The italics alone are mine. A. M. SHELDRAKE

8A Monmouth Road, W.2.

LONDON ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—I call your attention to a gratuitous personal attack made on me in the comments of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, December 16th, p. 799, under the heading of "Vandalism in London." My name is introduced in connection with a hypothetical destruction of famous buildings, and in order to drive the accusations of vandalism home, the comment ends with this sentence: "On this Commission (on National Monuments) there should be no *knighted architects*, for they have a vested interest in the destruction of masterpieces."

I have to call your attention to the fact that the preservation both of the City churches and of Waterloo Bridge was largely due to my efforts, and you will find a full account of this in my *Memoirs of an Architect*. I have never, so far as I am aware, destroyed any "masterpiece," and throughout a long career have always done all in my power to save them.

In these circumstances, I can only regard the remarks in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 16th, 1933, as a malicious personal attack, and must ask you to be good enough to insert a statement correcting those remarks in your paper. Your contributor appears to be ignorant of the facts, but attacks of this sort should not be made at random.

The Athenaeum, S.W.1. REGINALD BLOMFIELD

[Successful architects, including Bramante and Michael Angelo, have always had a vested interest in the destruction of masterpieces, and we regret that Sir Reginald Blomfield should take offence at the statement of this truism. We are aware of the fine fight he made for the preservation of the City churches and of Waterloo Bridge. As to masterpieces it is no doubt a question of taste. Sir Reginald is responsible for the building in Carlton Gardens which has excited such general reprobation, and he has published a scheme for replacing the whole of Carlton House Terrace by buildings of his own design. He is also largely responsible for the County Life Building, the Regent Street Quadrant, Swan and Edgar's and the other new Piccadilly Circus buildings, to make way for which the elegant structures of Nash were demolished. Presumably, Sir Reginald does not think highly of Regency architecture. Probably all architects have always thought that what they proposed to erect was preferable to what they proposed to destroy. And in many cases the architect has been right in this opinion. We should welcome the destruction of Carlton House Terrace, if Michael Angelo were available to rebuild it. But while the architect is justified in wishing to exercise his art, the public is justified in often wishing to prevent him from doing so. Sir Edwin Lutyens reported in favour of demolishing Waterloo Bridge, and both he and Sir Giles Gilbert Scott prepared designs for replacing it. On that occasion Sir Reginald protested, as a member of the public. Is it unfair to presume that he would not welcome the presence of either of these eminent architects on a committee whose object was the preservation of the bridge?

Many of us wish architects would show more enthusiasm for replacing the many squalid and degrading slums and for improving the character of suburban housing schemes, while we desire to see the rebuilding of the nobler parts of London postponed at least until a style is developed more satisfactory than the present official style, as exemplified in Sir Henry Tanner's Oxford Circus, Sir Reginald Blomfield's Piccadilly Circus, Sir Herbert Baker's South Africa House, Sir Edwin Lutyens's Grosvenor House, Sir Frank Baines's Thames House and Sir Edwin Cooper's Port of London Building. Looking at these buildings, and remembering what in most cases they replaced, we have no hesitation in repeating that their designers ought not to have a place on a committee designed to guarantee London architecture from demolition. We only wish that such a committee existed, for we are informed that at this moment Sir Herbert Baker is busy with plans for replacing the Georgian terrace in Dean's Yard with a fine new building in the Gothic style.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE ANTI-HOUSING POLICY

SIR,—One is tempted to ask whether "the contacts with officials" which your correspondent, Mr. John Buyers, refers to had, during the last four years, anything to do with applying for sanction to build houses. I believe it has been the universal experience of local councillors up and down the country that ever since the strong hand of Mr. Neville Chamberlain left the Ministry of Health in 1929, the Housing Department has been a bog of delay and obstruction, whether due to "cynicism" or "incompetence" I venture no opinion.

From my own experience as a Rural District Councillor I can cap Mr. Keynes's Exeter story with one from the Greenwood regime. Without going into details, suffice it to say that between 1929 and 1931 we corresponded with and interviewed the Ministry about a plan for building roundly 200 cottages under the Act of 1924; the scheme was finally sanctioned in its entirety after twenty months' tedious delay, during which time, in answer to criticism in the Commons, the Minister stated he would apply the big stick to local authorities which failed to carry out their Housing duty!

The single measure which would do more for Housing than any other would be to free local authorities from the necessity of obtaining the Ministry's sanction for housing projects. Once freed from the paralysing hand of Whitehall, public housing would go forward with a bound. MICHAEL PEASE

Girton, Cambridgeshire.

THE LOCH NESS MONSTER

SIR,—I write, with some sense of responsibility, to suggest a new and more ominous explanation of the presence of the monster in Loch Ness, which does not seem yet to have occurred to any of the eye witnesses or correspondents in the daily press. It is that the monster is a fresh example of the sinister activities in our midst of the Red Hand of Moscow.

It will not have escaped the attention of earnest students of the riddle of the Pyramids and the number of the Beast in Revelation that the words monster, Moscow, and indeed Marx, all begin with an M. But it is not merely on such philosophic considerations that I base my suggestion. Let us turn to the facts.

First, the position of Loch Ness. It is farther north than London, and therefore nearer to Moscow. It would, no doubt, have been a triumph for the schemers of the Kremlin to have smuggled a monster into the Thames itself and released it opposite our venerable Houses of Parliament. But a task which would be easy for the Soviet boats which may be presumed to call at Scottish ports would be comparatively difficult under the vigilant eye of our world-renowned London police.

Next I would draw attention to the timidity of the supposed beast. There is no natural reason for an animal said to be some sixty feet long to conceal itself perpetually from puny hunters less than a tenth of its size. And yet, while witnesses have found it difficult to agree on the shape of the monster, its fugitive appearances have given even less hint as to its real colour. May not this—in fact, *must* not this—be because it is assiduously trying to conceal the fact that it is Red?

I can hear some hair-splitting critic ask the question: "What is the Soviet's object in thrusting this new example of Ogpu methods under our noses?" What is their object, of course, we cannot be certain, but of one thing we can be sure—that when Moscow lays her plans she lays them deep. For my part, I am convinced that the monster is nothing less than a gigantic Red herring (mark the word Red again!) designed to divert the British public's attention from a projected Communist outburst in some entirely different part of the country. In fact, while our supine authorities are concentrating their eyes on an obscure spot in the Scottish Highlands they should, if they know their business, be clapping every known Bolshevik in the land into jail.

Researches, I am aware, may finally prove that the monster does not exist. That, I contend, would only make the Moscow plot a more sinister one. It would mean that, having failed to shake our national confidence with the terror of a real monster, the Soviet tyrants were attempting to undermine it with the sedulously circulated rumour of an unreal one. The fabulous beast would appear (if I may use a somewhat daring metaphor) to be not only a Red herring, but a Red Letter as well.

It is my hope that these few considerations may make it plain to the least informed that it is the hand of Stalin which is really concealed behind the monster's mask. I can only ask your readers how a civilised Government such as ours can remain in diplomatic relations with a nation which, while offering the dove of peace with one hand, presses even the prehistoric creation into the service of its terroristic propaganda with the other. RONALD MATTHEWS

12 Princeton Mansions,
Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

INSULIN

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in your issue of December 30th last under the above heading, and signed "A Fortunate Diabetic."

In such letter specific reference is made to my Company, and a statement is made to the effect that in 1929 Danish insulin was put on the English market at 1*s*. 8*d*. per 100 units retail and the retail price of the British product fell immediately to 2*s*., while Boots introduced a second-grade product at 1*s*. 8*d*. I have to say that at no time have we (Boots) introduced a second-grade product at 1*s*. 8*d*. What we did was to reduce the price of our product from 2*s*. to 1*s*. 8*d*., the product remaining as before, that is, Standard Insulin complying with the requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia, and submitted to and passed by the Medical Research Council. I feel sure that both you and your subscriber would wish the matter put right, and no doubt you will publish this letter in your next issue. A. SUGDEN,

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., Nottingham. Secretary

SIR,—I append a copy of a letter which I have written to the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade.

I trust that you will find room to publish this, and hope that other purchasers of insulin beside myself will find some positive means of registering their protest against the Government's action in imposing a tax which must necessarily prevent or delay the reduction of the present high price of insulin. E. E. KING

"Corner House,"
Canning Road, Colwyn Bay.

"Corner House,"
Canning Road, Colwyn Bay.
December 29th, 1933.

To Dr. Burgin,
Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade.

TARIFF ON IMPORTED INSULIN

SIR,—My wife has the misfortune to suffer from diabetes, and my expenditure on insulin, by using which she maintains a reasonably good standard of health, is approximately 4*s*. per week. Up to the present I have bought British insulin.

The Government's action in increasing the duty on imported insulin has called my attention, more particularly through letters in the *Manchester Guardian* and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to the callous indifference of the Government to the welfare of the many thousands of diabetics in this country upon whose pockets the purchase of insulin, even at the cheapest rate possible, makes a great drain, and I have considered what action I can take, beyond the usual rather ineffective one of letters to the press, by way of protest.

In consequence I propose to take the following steps:

(*a*) I shall purchase henceforward Danish insulin until the import duty is removed or the price of British insulin substantially reduced.

(*b*) Instead of as heretofore paying my income tax within a week after the 1st January or the 1st July I shall postpone payment as long as possible and may refuse payment except under the compulsion of legal process.

(*c*) I shall vote against the Government at the next election.

(*d*) I am inviting the considerable number of diabetics whom I know in this town to take similar action, and I am sending copies of this letter to *The Manchester Guardian* and THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in the hope that numerous diabetics and their friends in other parts of the country will take similar action.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) E. E. KING

DREAM VERSE

SIR,—When I read to-day Mr. Maitland's letter on "Verse-Dreaming" in the correspondence columns of your issue of December 30th, I remembered two dreams of the preceding night—one in verse and one a prose sentence. They were aural dreams and quite impersonal. The latter was accompanied by a faint visual impression.

At the time of dreaming they seemed to me pregnant with significance and beauty. These qualities have disappeared with the night, but the wording still seems tinged with the usual twin qualities of dreams—phantasy and vulgarity. I may add that Oxford is not my university, and that in the latter dream the impression was of unopened white and leafless flowers under a grey and early morning sky.

(*a*) In Oxford once, lost youth aspired,
To find the tree that God had fired,
In London, set between Heaven and Hell,
He found that Life was not so swell.

* * *

(*b*) On the Island—a little hill arose,
Covered with flowers long and lorn (whatever that may be),
On the top of the hill was a well
The well of Forgetfulness.

30 Addison Avenue, W.11. W. G. BEAMAN

SIR,—I thought of writing to you last week; Mr. Maitland's letter in your issue of December 30th has now given me courage.

I have often dreamed in verse, and a couplet or two has, on waking, remained in my memory, such as this:

I'm a waitress,
Not a hatress,

which, in the dream, was accompanied by the rhythmic movements of a young woman round an elaborately laid dinner-table.

But I did once, on September 2nd, 1921, dream a complete poem which I wrote down on waking. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the dream formed itself into these words on waking, but it is really a "dream poem," in that I could not possibly have used such a word as "hurtled," or such a phrase as "mangled mass of humanity" if I had been awake. I have

wondered whether possibly the poem is not original. Here it is :—

They hurtled together through the air,
The Stone and the Man, a wrestling pair.

And down in the Valley, far below,
They lay together, crushed in the snow.

The Stone triumphant, unbroken ; and He
A mangled mass of humanity.

But who was the conqueror ? The Stone
Lay lost in the Valley, unwanted, alone.

While high above, in the Mountain air,
An Immortal Spirit woke from despair.

The Man, from the shackles of flesh set free,
From the glorious heights of eternity,

Gazed, with awakened eyes that know,
At a fallen Stone in the Valley below.

Northcourt House, SILVIA TATHAM
Abingdon, Berks.

COMMUNIST CENSORSHIP

SIR,—In a letter in your columns last week headed " Communist Censorship " there is a reference to a bookshop in London which is being bought up in order to enforce some sort of censorship discovered by Mr. Postgate.

Although the portrait of myself is almost unrecognisable, the description of the shop is obviously intended for Henderson's in Charing Cross Road. I am astonished that Mr. Postgate should make and that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should print such a statement, but I can assure you that I have not bought up the Bomb Shop in order to enforce a censorship against Mr. Postgate.

I am afraid that Mr Postgate flatters himself. I was not even thinking of him when I heard that the shop which has had so many associations with Socialism in the past was about to shut down and when I decided to take over the lease in order to carry on its traditions as an independent bookshop dealing in advanced publications. Collet's, like Henderson's, will be a political bookshop ; its policy will be to serve all sections of the Socialist movement from Right to Left, and to supply all the very varied literature issued by the Labour, Socialist and Communist movements, which is rarely obtainable in one central spot.

It may reassure Mr. Postgate to know that Collet's will sell his books, though I cannot guarantee that anyone will buy them ! The only censors will be our customers.

The Labour movement certainly has need of an adequate book service, and it is my great hope that Collet's will play its part in supplying that need. EVA COLLET RECKITT,

9 Old Square, Managing Director,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2. Collet's Bookshop, Ltd.

[We greatly regret that Miss Reckitt should have been caused any annoyance by Mr. Postgate's letter. But we are bound to point out, in our own justification, that there was nothing in the statement to identify her as the person referred to ; that we did not know, when we printed Mr. Postgate's letter, that she was buying up Henderson's ; and that we only know it now because she tells us so.

We are very glad to learn that Miss Reckitt's aim will be to fulfil Mr. Postgate's hope of a bookshop that will serve the Labour movement adequately, with no censorship of any kind, and we wish Collet's every success.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE INDOLENCE OF COLERIDGE

SIR,—It is common to suppose that Coleridge's haunting sense of failure began with his debts at Cambridge. I suggest that the cause of his indifference to finishing things, his sense of personal unworthiness, began in the impressionable days of youth. De Quincey says : " It is painful to mention that he (Coleridge) was almost an object of persecution to his mother ; why, I could never learn."

De Quincey is not too trustworthy a reporter, but he could hardly have invented an unusual detail like this. If what he records is true, Coleridge's mother would be always finding him wrong and discouraging him in anything he did or attempted to do. Would not these criticisms produce a mood of accidie ? The boy would feel that whatever he did was not worth finishing since he could not win the applause of his mother. It may be that these early set-backs rather than the " constitutional indolence" which Coleridge claimed in the introduction to *The Friend* were responsible for his infirmity of purpose. In later life he did not lack confidence in himself but deep-rooted in his mind remained his mother's suggestion that he could not do things right.

In modern language he would, I suppose, be called " neurotic," and I cannot help remembering that the most neurotic creature I ever came across also suffered from a mother's aversion. Children cannot protest effectively, cannot explain to themselves why they are unfairly treated, but the injustice may take years to get over, or may even have a permanent effect on their later lives. VERNON RENDALL

Royal Societies Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.1.

JEAN GIRAUDOUX

SIR,—Your London Diarist recently commented on the fact that the work of Jean Giraudoux is practically unknown in England. The Committee of the Stage Society had come to the same conclusion and wish to alter the fact. They are including, therefore, Giraudoux's comedy *Intermezzo* in their programme for this season. The other plays to be done are *Der Nebel von Dybern*, by Ester Grenen, produced last February in Stettin, and now prohibited by the Nazi Government, and an unpublished play by D. H. Lawrence called *The Collier's Friday Night*.

The Council do not propose to embark on any production till funds are sufficient to enable the programme to be completed, and therefore appeal to all who care for the theatre to join the Stage Society and enable it to carry on its great tradition of progress of the last thirty years. W. S. KENNEDY,

The Incorporated Stage Society, Chairman
32 Shaftesbury Avenue,
London, W.1.

A HUMBLE PETITION

O RULERS of the nations,
Whose gaucheries and crimes
Have furnished the occasions
Of these my weekly rhymes,
Upon my knee, with head bare,
Your favour I implore,
For themes not quite worn threadbare
In Nineteen-thirty-four.

Your tortuous devices,
Your failure to connect
In economic crises
The cause with the effect,
Your pitiful suspicions
That sunder State from State,
Your politic admissions
A year or so too late,

Your rigging of elections,
Your shackling of the press,
Your up-to-date selections
In national fancy dress,
Your peaceable persuasions
By mob-law or by gaol,
Your pledges and evasions,
Have all, alas ! grown stale.

Then furnish me, I pray of you,
In Nineteen-thirty-four,
With something I can say of you
That is not quite a bore ;
Oblige us, not too soon a tick,
With something we can praise,
Or, at the least, be lunatic
In less familiar ways !

MACFLECKNOE

Miscellany

CONSTANTIN GUYS

CONSTANTIN GUYS is one of those artists in whose work the literary and stylistic elements are unusually hard to disentangle. He was a fine draughtsman. But would the effect of his draughtsmanship have been so impressive had he not also been an extraordinarily acute observer, a born *flâneur*, a man whose passion it was, with the aid of quills, ink-pot and brushes, to set down after a whole day spent in wandering and gazing, through streets, theatres, dancing-places, cafés and cheap brothels, something of the richness, the rank diversity, of urban life? Here was a man, as Baudelaire pointed out in the magnificent essay that he consecrated to his friend's genius, *Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne*, on whose imagination the panorama unfolded before his eyes by the existence of a modern city could never pall, whose keenness of vision would never lose its edge. "Prenez-le," he wrote, ". . . pour un homme-enfant, pour un homme possédant à chaque minute le génie de l'enfance, c'est-à-dire un génie pour lequel aucun aspect de la vie n'est *émoussé*." There is, indeed, about many of Guys's drawings just that air of naiveté, yet of extremely sophisticated and acute observation, which is to be found in the art of primitive peoples and, more rarely, in the efforts of talented children. Like theirs, his impressions were bold and direct; returning home late at night, he would sit up, very often till dawn had broken, and work with such rapidity and excitement that he had contracted a habit of wiping his pen on his open shirt-front. Drawings accumulated beside his table; but he is said to have destroyed at least half his entire output. . . .

For an artist who was so destructive a self-critic, Guys has left behind a very large body of miscellaneous work. Now on view at the Leicester Galleries is a collection of drawings that show his genius in many different aspects. Here, first of all, is the commercial draughtsman. Thus, numbers 77 and 69 are both drawings sent back to the *Illustrated London News*, to serve as a ground-work for the elaborate wood-engravings which then took the place of press-photographs. Delightful in themselves, they have been casually scribbled over by the artist with notes and directions. No. 77 comes straight from a Crimean battle-field, and depicts the interrogation of Russian cavalrymen by a haughty French staff-officer; while No. 69 is a bird's-eye view of an Imperial reception at Bordeaux in the year 1855. Parades and state processions were the artist's joy; Guys combined a great love and knowledge of horses and military trappings with a keen relish of dandyism in any shape or form. Two superb drawings at the Leicester Galleries evoke the romantic flavour of a period when the Adonis of a dashing cavalry corps might, like Lord Cardigan of the Light Brigade, continue to don his corsets amid shot and shell. Even better than No. 55, entitled *Two Officers at the Gate of a Barracks*, is No. 71, *General at the Head of Spahis*. This is a coloured drawing; the general wears a blue tunic and billowing red trousers with an azure stripe, gathered in tightly around his ankles. With one kid-gloved hand he controls his charger; the other is raised gracefully towards his moustache.

But no mention of Constantin Guys would be complete without some reference to his devoted and poetic appreciation of the opposite sex, their equipages, their bonnets and crinolines, and all the enchanting idiocies of feminine life. Here, as elsewhere, his range was very catholic; No. 49, a beautiful coloured drawing in soft blue, vague purple and dim brown, introduces us to a pair of arrogant and exquisite creatures, ladies of the Faubourg or empresses of the demi-monde, whose silken furbelows are blossoming in the shades of the Bois; while No. 32 opens the door of a gas-lit ante-room where a *lorette* and her friend are accepting the escort of be-whiskered and top-hatted cavaliers. In this last drawing, contrary to his usual practice, Guys has relied on the brush alone. Among pencil drawings, one of the most memorable is No. 6, which is strangely suggestive of Manet's *Bar at the Folies Bergères*. No. 64, from the collection of M. Lucien Pissaro, the delicately drawn head of a young woman on a pink ground, makes an amusing contrast to the savage solidity of No. 34, a fat prostitute, her stomach bulging beneath her petticoat; yet both are characteristic of the draughtsman's method. Whatever the object that engrossed his attention—trollop, dandy or brilliant equipage of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—Guys, from the pellucid depths of his artistic innocence, always focused the same dispassionate and inquiring gaze. PETER QUENNELL

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

OF course he has his blind spots, and his (sometimes unnecessary) negations are obstinate. He has found his success, and the good things it has brought him, a considerable salve for the inevitable disappointments of life. He knows the difference between fame and notoriety; but he also knows that he has sometimes written extremely well. Like every author he likes flattery when judiciously applied; unlike many, he is nauseated when it is not. Praise, apt or fulsome, cannot alter a jot his own estimate of his achievements. He has no illusions—not even about himself. One source of satisfaction in reading him is that his work is that of a man who has taken his own measure. You are safe with him. What he has observed, he puts down clearly; he never tries to conciliate the reader. He believes that emotional honesty is, for the writer at any rate, the best policy, though in the humbugging world that may be far from holding good. This is one of life's aspects which he resents most. He comes down hard upon self-deceivers of all sorts, and to catch them in unbecoming attitudes gives him joy. It is safer not to try too hard to be good, we are not naturally so—far from it, and the effort to be too unselfish, pure, sympathetic, only adds, as a rule, to our invincible egotism the disgrace of hypocrisy: such appears to be his general verdict on human nature. He allows a certain beauty, and still more a real pathos, to genuine passion; he does not often find himself impelled to believe in love.

It is curious that Mr. Somerset Maugham has been, and should still be, an exceedingly popular author, since neither his temperament nor his outlook comports with popularity. He is not good-natured, expansive, optimistic, romantic or soothing. His humour is sardonic; his attitude towards the virtuous mistrustful. He is inclined to think of life as a losing game played against an adversary bound to win—even if a player moves with the most circumspect and selfish caution. It only shows that the public, to its credit, appreciates good story-telling, even when the spirit which informs it is repugnant to its usual preferences. Mr. Maugham has always been careful to give the public, whether he had been writing for the stage, for the magazines or for the publishers, a good story. On that point he is thoroughly in sympathy with the public himself; he loves a good story. He knows how to tell one. Among the many he has written are a few unforgettable ones which any master of that art would be glad to sign.

As a dramatist he knows that situation is more important than character-drawing or a philosophy of life; as a story-teller, that in print character is more generally interesting than atmosphere—with the result that in both these departments of the art of fiction his work has been popular. From the first he was determined to succeed. (He is a most pertinacious man.) As soon as he discovered that he could write, he resolved to make a success of a profession for which he had abandoned the career of medicine, and sat down to write clever, efficient plays. He had a very small capital and on it he lived sparingly. With *Lady Frederick* came prosperity. He soon had three plays running in London at the same time. Neither poverty nor prosperity altered his view of life. This he continued to express more completely in his fiction, while continuing to write entertaining comedies. *Of Human Bondage* was his high mark in serious realism. During the last fifteen years he has written as much to please himself as the public. Even his plays have grown grimmer and grimmer. He has carefully guarded his lines of communication, but he

has advanced steadily in his proper direction. The public have followed him. The majority of readers has been joined, too, by those who never expected much of the popular dramatist. *Cakes and Ale* was to the taste even of *les jeunes feroces*, whose astonishment at its being well-written must have amused Mr. Maugham, who knows so much about the art of writing that he discovered early that certain refinements of it belonged to the province of poetry, and were not for him—at least during his early and middle periods. He aimed at a prosaic efficiency, hoping only to attain such graces as are consequent upon it. Latterly, however (read the travel-pictures in *The Gentleman in the Parlour*), he has permitted himself to describe scenes with a sensibility which has informed the texture of his style.

Mr. Maugham is a long-distance runner. When travel gave him new subjects for stories after the war, he had "a second wind." Perhaps he will have a third. His attitude towards experience has been marked by an artist's detachment, but until lately he has shown little of an artist's feeling for words. It would not be so surprising if he proceeded now to choose subjects with a view to virtuosity. The development of Henry James was in this direction; there are signs that it may prove also the direction of Somerset Maugham's.

THE BRITISH MUSIC FESTIVAL

ON Monday, January 1st, there began under the auspices of the B.B.C. a festival of British music, consisting of six concerts at the Queen's Hall with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. No reasonable man can be an opponent of national activity in the arts, for nothing could be more desirable or a more agreeable sign of vitality; but it is probable that such activity is most genuine and most fruitful when it is least self-conscious, and I think one of the clearest signs of a golden age is that nobody is aware of it until long after it is over. Therefore, I deplore such a sentence as the following:

> Most of the great living British composers, from Sir Alexander Mackenzie to William Walton, are represented, thus the development of the modern golden age of British music, which began to all intent and purpose at the opening of the present century, will be clearly shown.

People do not achieve greatness by asserting that they are great, and although we must acquit the composers themselves from any part in the paragraph I have quoted, the fact is that the prestige of British music suffers in England, in America and abroad from what is best described as an inferiority complex sufficiently expressed in such pretentious assertions. If I were a composer I would be furious with anything in the nature of nationalistic propaganda in music, because such propaganda only results in suggesting an uneasiness and insecurity which no artist likes to feel in the air he breathes. It ought to be as natural for the English to be musicians as for any other people.

Now when I survey the list of music to be given at these six concerts, I am not filled with the exhilaration I should like to feel. The first thing one looks to see is the number of new works. These one accepts wholeheartedly if they come from unknown or little-known composers. They are restricted to a symphony in D by R. O. Morris on January 1st, "The Love Talker" by Armstrong Gibbs on January 10th, and Symphonic Ballad in A minor, "The Trees so High," by Patrick Hadley on January 12th. Three new works is not a great number, but they represent the greatest attraction the Festival has to offer, and it makes one wonder whether the B.B.C. could not have found more unknown compositions by young composers to adorn a Festival which is heavily weighted down by well-known names. I exclude from this latter category a Rhapsody for 2 by E. J. Moeran, which has been heard before, but not often, and should be heard again; but surely Mr. Moeran has some unperformed works in his drawer, and if so why was not one of them included in a Festival which devotes a whole concert to the uninspiring productions of Dame Ethel Smyth? The names of Benjamin Dale, Roland Bocquet, Constant Lambert and William Walton are welcome, but are we never to have any compositions by Mr. Lambert other than "The Rio Grande" and "Music for Orchestra"? I remember a more recent pianoforte concerto written by him, and as far as I know only performed in London at a B.B.C. studio concert. It was an interesting work, and no work should be left stranded high and dry with only one performance. As for Mr. Walton, "Belshazzar's Feast" is possibly his latest available composition, and in any case its popularity and effectiveness justify its inclusion.

There are two first performances which I have not yet mentioned because they come under another category. These are Arthur Benjamin's Violin Concerto and Frank Bridge's Rhapsody for Pianoforte and Orchestra "Phantasm." I am not a fervent admirer of Mr. Frank Bridge's music, but certainly he deserves a place in such a scheme; and if Mr. Benjamin does not raise bright hopes in those who have heard compositions of his, neither does he disappoint them. So far I have mentioned none of the older names of contemporary English music. However, when we turn to them we shall find no greater cause for satisfaction with our British Music Festival. The first concert contains pieces by Elgar and Delius. The "Song of the High Hills" is one of Delius's best pieces, and as Delius is only once again represented (by a first performance of his "Fantastic Dance") one must consider that the Festival has done justly by him. Elgar, I think, is poorly represented by his Cockaigne Overture and his Symphony in A flat. Here was a chance to let musicians and the public hear one of his best and most exacting works, "Falstaff," a composition that is shamefully neglected by our musicians, although it deserves to be heard again and again. Vaughan Williams is represented by one piece, "Flos Campi," and Arnold Bax also by one piece. Mr. van Dieren is not represented at all, and there is not a single piece in the Festival that is by a totally unknown composer. Under these circumstances, what are we to make of the fact that a whole evening consisting of four large-scale works is devoted to Dame Ethel Smyth and that Sir Thomas Beecham is to make his sole appearance during the Festival at this concert?

At the time I am writing, only the first of these six concerts has been given. The programme contained one of the new works of the festival in a Symphony in D by Mr. R. O. Morris, who is practically unknown as a composer, although he is well known as a scholar to musicians. This Symphony in D was a pleasant surprise to me. During the first movement one gets the impression—in spite of excellent craftsmanship—of a rather timid, tentative grasp. One might without offence describe it as shivery quavery music, revealing, like most of Delius's and Vaughan Williams's music, little more than a non-creative impressionability to sound. The second movement is similar in its meandering aimlessness, but in the third movement the composer seems to have been more active, with a firmer grasp of what he is doing, and this last movement has a consistency of purpose and a clear-cut expressiveness which are attractive and individual and justify the composition, lifting it out of the ruck of academic music. Mr. R. O. Morris uses a similar sort of idiom to Mr. Vaughan Williams, the web of the first two movements especially is shot through with folk strains, but perhaps his scholarship has helped to give him a conciseness and economy which one looks for in vain from Delius and which when it appears in Vaughan Williams does not seem to me to proceed from richness of thought but rather from poverty.

If little space is given in the Festival to young composers, still less is given to the young executive musicians of this country. Dr. Adrian Boult conducts four, Sir Thomas Beecham one and Sir Landon Ronald one out of the six concerts, and most of the other executive artists are already well known. Sir Landon Ronald, who is full of glory and distinctions, might be allowed to rest on his laurels nowadays. When are young conductors going to be given a chance at important London concerts? How are they going to gain the necessary experience if veterans like Sir Landon Ronald do not make room for them on such occasions? W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Old Folks at Home"

There is much familiar matter in Mr. Harwood's new comedy at the Queen's Theatre, and, in the first half of the play at all events, much which is blatantly tedious. The juvenile *âme damnée*, popularised by Mr. Stephen McKenna shortly after the war, can no longer be taken very seriously, and one has the feeling that, in Liza Kingdom's case, all may be put right with calomel, or at any rate a good spanking. Her sister-in-law is another proposition, a sentimental exhibitionist who proposes to break up her marriage largely to obtain a fresh audience in the person of one Douglas Wilton, a romantic novelist. At the same time she must secure the children by persuading her husband to do what she calls the just thing by her. The evening promises to be pretty hopeless, but there is still Miss Marie Tempest, wife, mother and mother-in-law, her kitten-eyes dancing with schemes and stratagems. Sybil to the accompaniment of the nightingales shall enjoy her dreadful Douglas undisturbed. But in the early hours Liza comes home with a drunken boy-friend laden with drugs and revolvers, drowning Philomel with harsh discord and catching Douglas emerging from the wrong bedroom. There is yet another act. Sybil, penitent and eager to confess, must be silenced, and wool must be pulled over the drunken boy-friend's malicious and reportorial eye. Miss Tempest rises to the occasion with firm mendacity, homily and—here is the surprise—reminiscence. She, too, has had her own romance, unknown to her devoted scientist husband, and who is the worse for it? The worldly wisdom is irresistible and Liza who has also had a fright, determines to be a better girl in future, if not precisely more like her mother. It is, of course, Miss Tempest's evening, though Mr. Graham-Browne as her husband gives a beautifully finished performance and Miss Margaret Rawlings as Liza is excellent on her dramatic occasions.

"Without Witness"

Mr. Anthony Armstrong's new detective play at the Embassy has much the excitement of a game of bridge in which the detective is the expert, and his opponents are poor players with good cards who have called high. The examinations and cross-examinations proceed, the aces are trumped, or not trumped, and just as it seems that the contract is lost—but the metaphor grows difficult, as indeed the play itself does. Phyllis Treyford is doubtful whether she has murdered her husband or not. She certainly drugged his brandy-and-soda to calm his drunken fury, and he is certainly dead. But the bottle is empty, and she only gave him a single dose or a little more. Obviously the police must not be told or there will be no play. Obviously, too, her devoted former husband must return the incriminating bottle which she has foolishly taken away from the flat. He finds the police there already, and the duel of wits begins. This is an excellent scene for which Messrs. Ian Hunter and Hugh Wright deserve all gratitude. Last-moment discoveries—corresponding, in our tottering metaphor, to a mislaid ace—clear things up satisfactorily for Mrs. Treyford in the end. The minor roles of a stern lady-doctor (Miss Marion Fawcett) and a most realistic lift-boy (Mr. Clarence Bigge) add joy to an otherwise rather dull evening.

"The Reluctant Dragon"

By giving his dragon the attributes of a kind-hearted uncle Kenneth Grahame reduced its terrorising powers to nil, and Mr. Harcourt Williams's stage version of the story for children which forms the chief item in the programme at the Jean Sterling Mackinlay matinees at the Rudolf Steiner Hall preserves the same spirit and contains nothing that would frighten a mouse. Appalled at the prospect of an encounter with Saint George the dragon asks nothing better than to be left alone in the chalk-pit on the downs with its books and its memories. But it is forced to meet the Saint before a crowd of villagers, and there is an indecisive combat after which everyone retires to the local inn for a banquet. Mr. Harcourt Williams enjoys himself as the dragon and achieves some diverting gestures with a fine pair of jaws and a red upholstered tail. The play, like the whole entertainment, is a little too sweet, and there must be times during the afternoon when even the children long for some rowdy fun. For sheer charm and delicacy of humour, which to judge by the applause is not above the heads of the youthful audience, the songs acted to music could not be beaten. But having enjoyed them, and the dragon, and an A. A. Milne poem, it would be a good plan to go to a real old-fashioned pantomime the next afternoon.

"Alice," at the Duke of York's

The trial scene in *Alice* is particularly difficult to stage, since no technique exists for showing Alice growing like a beanstalk; but the children at Tuesday's performance got bored long before this and small blame to them. The play was arranged to include as many of the words as possible, often leaving out the events they refer to; the *décor* was insipid; the stage business was lamentably clumsy. The actors behaved as if they desperately wished the thing were a pantomime. "Mi-au, mi-O.K.," said the Cheshire cat, who decided it was. He was as thin as a monkey, and the Maori pattern on his face was a poor substitute for the traditional grin. Miss Beryl Laverick as Alice did her very best: she not only looked but spoke the part; and the caterpillar (Miss Rosamund Barnes) was a real triumph. An unrehearsed effect was produced by the tiny pig playing the baby, which instead of trotting off into the wings jumped into the orchestra with a terrified plop.

Exhibition of Education in Soviet Russia

Educationists, professional or amateur, who want a little busman's holiday should visit the Exhibition of Soviet Education. It is being held under the auspices of the Society for Cultural Relations at the University of London Club, 21 Gower Street, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. every day, Sundays included, till January 15th (admission 6*d*.). Here are to be seen pictures, photographs, posters, books and specimens of handwork, which show the astonishing cultural advance that is being made all over the vast and backward territory of the U.S.S.R. There is little of "art for art's sake"—that is not the Communists' ideal. What they are building up in the schools and universities and institutes is a new ethic and a new way of life, and all education must subserve this end. You may like or dislike the end and the method, but of their importance not merely to Russia, but to the world, there can be no doubt. And this Exhibition gives to think.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Mr. Peter Godfrey produced the fifth of his Victorian burlesques at the Gate last week, and it was quite the best he has done. The preposterous piety of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is relieved in the original by a lot of pistol-firing and whip-cracking, and the joke remains good for a long while. This time the derision was not too hefty, and it was always believable that one might have burst into tears at the gripping drama if Mr. Godfrey had not decided that it was unbecoming. The interpolated songs were even better than usual, and the cast knew how to get them across. Songs like "The Picture that was Drawn upon the Floor" and "The Child of the Railway Engineer," with a moral maxim in the right spot in every verse, must almost sing themselves, but the other twenty were just as good. Mr. Godfrey deserves congratulations for getting the same spirit into the whole show that he gets into the songs, by allowing the sentiment to grip before he guys it. The balloon swells unfailingly every time and whenever it bursts the bangs are loud. The drawing-room atmosphere of the Gate is essential, of course; and this time the joke was perfect.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5th—
B.B.C. Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
"Elijah," Albert Hall, 2.30.
National Festival of English Folk Dance and Song, Albert Hall, 8.15.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 7th—
J. A. Hobson on "Can Dictatorships Survive?" Conway Hall, 11.
"The General Line," Forum Cinema, Villiers St., 6 and 8.30.
"I May Be Old-fashioned," Piccadilly Theatre.

MONDAY, JANUARY 8th—
"The Tempest," Sadler's Wells.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 9th—
J. Strachey on "The Communist Plan," Lecture Hall, London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 6.
W. H. Kerridge on "Religion in Soviet Russia," Conway Hall, 7.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10th—
Arthur Hirst on "The Naked Mind," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11th—
Christmas Party in aid of the North Kensington Women's Welfare Centre. Performance of "Cinderella," by children. Ballet Club Theatre, 2A Ladbroke Road, 2.30. Tickets (5*s*.) at the door, or from the Secretary. Also on Jan. 12th and 13th.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

OWING to the youth of our bell-ringers, who, I understand, are sent early to bed, I was not able to hear the New Year rung in and, in consequence, have had to imagine for myself that we were all making a fresh start in 1934. While I was lying in bed this came easily enough, but when I looked out of the window the morning fog looked so much like the fog of the day before that it was difficult to realise how changed everything was. I had to remind myself that the fog was making a fresh start also. Indeed, that good habits and bad habits, unpaid bills, unwritten books, bad conscience and hopeless longings had all gotten themselves willy-nilly into 1934 together and were all starting off on the same familiar handicap. The discouraging thing about this reflection was that nothing had got itself left behind, and this depressed me for a bit while I was dressing, until I remembered that December had been left behind, which was in itself a sufficient cause of rejoicing.

* * *

Yet, in spite of my longing for the New Year, I spent the last day of the old in a state of enjoyment that is rare in any month: in reading a most lovely story, *The House with the Apricot*, by H. E. Bates (Golden Cockerel Press, 21*s*.). While I was reading it I forgot everything, I forgot my cold in the head and in what room I was sitting. I became in short the *I* of Bates's tale. Everything in the story, the flowers, the shapes of the hills, the mahogany bedroom furniture and Mr. Skinner putting on his pince-nez to carve the chicken, made the same kind of indelible impression that things sometimes do in real life. And then when I had come to the last page and I knew that my experience had been reading a story in a very prettily printed book, it seemed at the same time to have become part of my own distant and unforgettable memories. I had been walking over the hills, had passed the house and put up there as a traveller, taking my meal with the woman and the old man, and then I had gone on and looked down on the derelict farm where Mr. Skinner sat swigging whisky and water and singing bawdy songs. What gives a story this peculiar vividness, what makes the reader apply it to himself in this way? There are some writers with whom I always find myself identified when I read them: Stendhal, Turgenev, and Tolstoy are examples. Other writers give me a picture equally clear, but seen in perspective from a distance. The second kind of book may be just as fine a work of art and as profoundly moving as the first without ever giving that odd tang that makes one exclaim: "Yes, I have felt just that, seen that place, met these people!" As soon as I had come to the following passage in *The House with the Apricot* I knew that I had been there before, and began to live in the story myself.

> It was a fine room she had given me. As I changed my clothes I kept looking round it in wonder—in wonder at the bed of pale old mahogany with its green silk spread and the lace on the pillow slips, at the heavy green curtains with long tassel-ropes at the window, at the chairs and the chest of drawers and the writing desk in one corner, all of mahogany and all old and beautiful. There was a strange half-sweet, half-musty smell about the room that for a long time I couldn't define. It was not until the bell rang for supper and I went downstairs and breathed it again that I knew it. It was the smell of prosperity.

* * *

H. E. Bates, in my opinion, is a much finer writer than is commonly realised. He is unequal and he is extremely prolific of short thumb-nail sketches, but so it must be remembered was Tchehov. Bates's work is liable to be undervalued, not only because he is prolific of little things, but because he is not a very original writer; his great merit is not originality, but sensibility. His sensitiveness to beauty and to character is astonishing; it is, I think, greater than the sensibility of any other living English writer, and, because of it, his work always reminds me of the painting of Renoir. His best stories have the extreme delicacy and tenderness of Renoir's paint, and do not impress by their strength so much as by their fragility. In his good work Bates has plenty of strength, it is particularly noticeable in *Charlotte's Row*, but in his bad work it seems to evaporate, and one is left with nothing but an affected, or perhaps genuine, hankering after "aesthetic" effects. Bates has another characteristic besides sensibility and a love for the same kinds of beauty, in common with Renoir, for he learned to write just as Renoir learned to paint, *au Musée*. The alert critic will discover traces of Stephen Crane, Tchehov and Turgenev, and many other writers in Bates's work.

* * *

When I had finished reading *The House with the Apricot* I took up his last novel, *The Fallow Land*, which I had put off reading for just over a year because I had been disappointed by *Catherine Foster*, a book which has the delicacy which one finds in the short stories, but which is noticeably lacking in force. *The Fallow Land*, on the other hand, is distinguished by greater force than is to be found in any of the short stories. Moreover, the book is not one picture of a character, or an episode, but the record of the whole of several people's lives. Every gift that Bates has got is found in this book, which is much the biggest and most important thing that he has done. I have not read, I think, a finer novel of farm life. And my belated discovery, coming after reading *The House with the Apricot*, made the last day of the Old Year an extremely happy one.

* * *

And in the New Year, one of the things to which I very much look forward is a venture which is being made, without any capital, by five writers, H. E. Bates, Calder-Marshall, Hamish Miles, L. A. Pavey and Geoffrey West, with E. J. O'Brien at their head, to publish short stories. There has been a steady revival of interest in the short story of recent years, which must be largely due to E. J. O'Brien's collections. There has, of course, always been a market for certain types of stories in the magazines, but this usually passes the original and interesting writers by. Nothing is more striking than the way in which editors who set out to give their public really first-class stories show signs of distress whenever they come across one. Recently, however, a young American has provided these timid fellows with an excellent object-lesson by starting a magazine for stories only. At first he could neither afford to print his magazine nor to pay his authors, but, nevertheless, he gallantly "published" cyclostyled copies, first from Vienna and later from Majorca. But a year ago he returned to America and, raising some money, published the first printed number of *Story*, just as the banks were suspending payment. On all sides magazines and publishers were vanishing from the scene, but *Story* flourished and is flourishing now, though I have only just discovered it. The venture which E. J. O'Brien, Bates and the others are going to bring out is avowedly started in imitation of *Story*. There are to be six numbers in the year, and seven shillings and sixpence is not too much to pay to see what they are going to write themselves and find by other people. And why this revival of the short story? It occurs to me that it may be because young writers are no longer copying Maupassant. A very great artist sometimes has a paralysing influence which lasts for many years after his death. He appears almost to have exhausted his medium, and I think that Maupassant had this effect in England. His influence on that brilliant writer Somerset Maugham is evident in *Ah King*, his last volume of stories, in which the method has been reduced to a mere formula. Maupassant's particular trick, if I may speak so disrespectfully, was forcing an unsuspected emotion on the reader much as the three-card trick man forces the choice of a card. To attempt to equal that marvellous virtuosity almost always leads to woodenness. And the Maupassant story, like the smoking-room story, always had to have a point, a point as sharp as a stiletto. That was a deadly limitation. For the effect of a story may diffuse itself, like a perfume from every line.

DAVID GARNETT

THE MEMOIRS OF A GHOST

Victorian Ghost Stories. Edited by MONTAGUE SUMMERS. *Fortune Press.* 7s. 6d.

Great Tales of Horror. Edited by MARJORIE BOWEN. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

I am peculiarly fitted to review these volumes. My own story is a modest footnote.

When, some years ago, I was run over, the bus heaved, a wheel splintered my skull, and before even the ambulance arrived, it was seen that I was dead. People came running out of the shops to look. My death had been instantaneous. For a while I was conscious of nothing. Then, like a boxer who has taken the count, I rose slowly and joined the crowd which had gathered round my body.

I went off in a rage, leaving—shall we say?—a dressing-gown behind.

A rosy policeman was copying down the evidence of two busybodies who by the fact of my death were taking an interest in me for the first time. I was determined to escape the society of these ruffians.

It was a winter afternoon, the street quiet (a result of the accident); smoke stood up from a chimney like a quill from an inkpot; the sky, intersected by tram-wires, was ice-grey; and distant and thin I heard the scream of a train. I ran.

My head ached slightly. Sad music (my first thought), funeral guns, a speech before curtains after the show—these receded as I crossed a weary and entranced city. At times, half-seen, a building rose waveringly, a face hung for a moment as though pressed against glass, and then vanished.

I found myself walking along a road with small houses and precise gardens, and at one end a common where seagulls circled round the bare trees. A huge sun, red like a lacquer shield, hung behind the scribbling of boughs, quiet and fixed in a web of icy cloud. I saw it so quietly I almost screamed out; but even as I moved forwards, the sun grew smaller and bright, and rose steeply, till its gold dazzled.

Then I felt a freedom such as I had never known before. My shadow on the pavement beside me rippled the railings with a harpist's touch. I jumped. Easily, with a plump awkwardness, as in pantomime, I rose; the roofs swayed and tilted below; I flew up through clouds to a dazzling expanse of purple. Imagination exploded, firing off like a rocket new fantasies, which soared, spilt and curved upwards again (I clutched at my hat): the aeronautics of desire: tumbling sequins, women in trousers, spiced wines, music, snow-peaks, forests and seas. I took them all, for what seemed eternity, in the confusion of delicious flight.

The reaction was boredom.

I remember particularly a seaside corner where gay couples swaggered along the front, and the choppy waves smashed each moment into diamonds on the beach. I lived in a great glassy hotel. From my bedroom window I could see the clouds like bundles of washing, a tangle of shipping and the squat door of my favourite public-house. It opened before I woke. In bed, I drank stout and read a newspaper which was handed to me by the lift-boy. The chambermaids were complaisant and leisured beauties: the tap-dance of their heels up the corridor ended invariably at my door. Occasionally a thoughtful dog would look in on me. Happiness seemed to be mine. But there was a landslide of the neighbouring cliffs. Gradually the boats left harbour, a board was nailed over the door of the public-house, the front was deserted, the lift-boy ran away to join the army, and the chambermaids one by one gave notice. I was alone.

I returned to the society of my own creatures. In utter wretchedness, I walked wherever others were walking, I was carried with the tide, forwards, backwards. Where there was room on a seat or a place in a queue, I hastened to go. I was jammed on buses and swept down moving stairs. The ghost is gregarious, and a creature of habit.

Habit, I found, restricts his imagination to the experiences of his life. Thus, great wealth was impossible for me because strictly unimaginable; I could draw cheques slightly larger than I was used to, but the addition of countless noughts was beyond my power; in the same way, I was debarred from gaining the confidence of beautiful women, or of knowing the pleasures of great books, rare wines, and travel. My conversation ended in banality, my love-affairs in disillusion, and when I travelled it was impossible to avoid the boredom of familiar views.

As a ghost, I was obsessed by suspicions (was I losing weight?) and frightened by my weakness of will. At night, driven by restlessness, I would wander through the streets, treading gingerly, as on clouds, the pavement, pausing by a lighted window, or grasping irresolutely at the handrail of a bus. My surroundings began to elude me, the texture of buildings, crowds and traffic to slip—a corner peeling away here, a vertiginous collapse there—which made me sweat with terror. When I talked with anyone, in train or bar, I would grasp his arm, for fear lest, even as I was speaking, his face should melt and his whole body collapse, like a waxwork before a fire.

The ghost, unhappy wretch, lives on his immediate creative energy; he must draw the lines of every perspective, mould every curve, distribute form, colour and animation. And in the end all that he can produce is the street he has known for years, the face he has sickened of.

Obliged at each moment to create myself and my surroundings, I lost the sense of common enjoyments: love, argument, food and drink, theatres, even the scandals in newspapers, lost their flavour. About my own creations (as I realised them to be) I ceased to have any feeling at all. Though at first my desires were as strong as ever, repeated disappointment robbed them of the pleasure of excitement, and the time came when even desire was mechanical and hateful.

Like a man at an ice-carnival who hears the ice crack at every step, I felt always under me the gulf into which I dreaded falling. Sleep no longer brought me relief or respite, but only terror; I had one dream; that I was falling, falling as a comet drops down the sky. The sensation of that plumb drop was made a thousand times worse by the thought that I myself was the centre of an unresisting edgeless space. In the morning sometimes it would take me hours—clutching the bedpost and staring at the window—to recover. Balance, the force of gravity, solid furniture and the present—all had to be reinstated. The return was frightful. I could see no end to this terror. Yet despite everything my greatest fear was of extinction.

At some point perhaps the ghost slips beyond recovery, into complete disillusion; but it is the point of infinity.

That is my present state. You must not, however, imagine me only as this creature of starry collapse. I eat a late breakfast, read on into the afternoon, enjoy at night the ritual of a game of billiards or a performance at the theatre. There must be others like myself, and I seek them out, with the idea perhaps of forming a society of ghosts; two might even set up house together. But such ghosts as I try to identify refuse to declare themselves.

With disillusion the mind takes on a strange clarity; the body becomes clairvoyant. I look back on death as on a visit to the dentist.

In my reading I prefer books of anatomy, astronomy, necromancy and spiritism. I am, however, a serious man, and though uneducated I despise the superstitions and mere conjuring in which the authors of such books seem to revel. I read ghost stories from curiosity. They do not convince me. Who are these apparitions without heads, wearing armour or extending a phosphorescent claw towards the throat of a victim? Why do they always haunt the scene of their death or of some crime in which they once played a part? (I have never revisited the street where I was killed.) Why always at night? Why do they remain speechless and take refuge in invisibility? Why assume the forms of wolf, monk and sea-monster? Even if I were capable of such tricks (which I certainly am not), I should never descend to practising them. The ghost is sufficiently occupied with his own panic and unhappiness. I am all for the quiet life. Mr. Summers's *Victorian Ghost Stories*, Miss Bowen's *Great Tales of Horror* seem to me leg-pulls of a most obvious sort, which will no doubt give pleasure to readers who exalt themselves at the expense of the ghost. I am not envious of their enjoyment, but I would point out to them that the real ghost will not be found in any such tales. Rather, the bank clerk who pushes notes through the grille, the woman who sells newspapers at the corner, the man in the suburban train whose knees touch yours, may be one of us.

A GHOST

INDEX

Last week's issue of the "New Statesman and Nation" completed Vol. VI. (new series). An Index is in the course of preparation, and when ready will be sent to postal subscribers free of charge, on application; and for one shilling, post free, to other readers.

THE PUBLISHER
N.S. & N., 10 GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.2

AN EARLY VICTORIAN

Charles Dickens. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. *Peter Davies.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A strange world and a stranger art are revealed by Boz and Dickens to the modern critic of life and literature. It is hardly possible to believe that Mr. Pickwick's world could ever have existed; and one searches in vain for an aesthetic formula that will contain within itself the elaborate rambling of *Little Dorrit*, the atmospheric excitement of *A Tale of Two Cities* and the psychological "slickness" of *Dombey and Son*. It is this complete antithesis with the present that makes Dickens, his work and his age so tantalising and perplexing a study. The shadows on the moon, seen through a toy telescope, are as blurred and indistinct as the fantastic caricatures that mouth their way about Hungerford-stairs and the narrow alleys and courts of Bevis Marks. And in much the same way as the former indicate the presence of mountains, Mr. Squeers, Mrs. Gamp and the other uncouth creatures—monstrous exaggerations though they are—presuppose the existence of Early Victorian man.

It is, perhaps, by what that species "got" from Dickens that we can most easily visualise its surprising civilisation, and understand the amazing success of its spokesman. Nowhere is this better expressed—an obvious clue, at least, to the Victorian conception of the functions of criticism—than in a letter on Paul's death from Lord Jeffrey to the author:

> Oh, my dear, dear Dickens! What a No. 5 (*Dombey and Son* was, of course, published in instalments) you have now given us! I have so cried and sobbed over it last night, and again this morning, and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them; and I never can bless and love you enough. Since the divine Nelly was found dead on her humble couch, beneath the snow and the ivy, there has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul, in the summer sunshine of that lofty room. . . .

Mr. Leacock (who incorrectly quotes this letter in his text) is quite at a loss how to account for it. In his own words: "What are we to think of all this? Is this manly, or is it mawkish? Or what?" As a critic Mr. Leacock is rather more manly than Lord Jeffrey, but believes with him that lachrymation is a suitable measure of criticism, and only differs from him in degree. "To what extent," he asks, "are we to go when the occasion as depicted" (the death of little Dombey) "is real, is overwhelming?" Is the answer: Only so far as our manliness or our past connection with the O.T.C. will let us? Or what? To the modern critic Paul's death is not a question of tears or laughter (though when he is off duty he may, perhaps, allow himself a wry smile), but, first, of its intrinsic value, and, second, of its objective necessity in relation to the structure, balance and motive of the whole work.

It would have been refreshing if Mr. Leacock had examined the novels from this angle: for Dickens, even to-day, is not merely quoted from the Bench—he is read as extensively as when he first "thought of Mr. Pickwick." An analysis, for instance, of any one of them—*The Old Curiosity Shop* is a typical Dickens novel—would surely have revealed among other constituents the author's clumsy conception of structure, tiresome relish for overstatement, and economy in the presentation of isolated incidents and subsidiary characters that is wholly admirable. Indeed, it is in this last department that Dickens, as a writer, excels. The events at the "Valiant Soldier" could not have been more satisfactorily described. The grim *tempo* of the scene, the carefully contrasted characters of the protagonists, the delicate balance of the natural with the supernatural (dare one use the terms "real" and "surreal"?) lead on, through a perfect harmony, to the inevitable sequel. And, in spite of its lack of value in relation to the work as a whole, who can fail to be delighted with the secondary "story" of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness? The Grand Master of the Glorious Apollos (who, by the by, seems from his poetical style to have been the literary ancestor of Wilhelmina Stitch), with his easy-going nature, his fondness for the "windings of the mazy" and their attendant "pledges in the rosy," is most appositely reserved for the poor, hard-working little slavey; and Dick, initiating her into the pleasures of life which he knew so well how to do, achieves "a great effect at the last with the Marchioness." How uneasy we should feel, how outraged our sensibilities would be, at any other *dénouement*!

If Mr. Leacock has neglected the opportunity of interpreting Dickens the artist, he has been even more niggardly in his treatment of the Dickens that seems important to us to-day. The author of *Oliver Twist* lived, as a child, not far above starvation level; and the lasting impression which poverty made on him became a natural background for his best work. In the Hungry 'Forties the conditions under which the poor laboured were intolerable. The Industrial Age was in full blast; men, women and children were being sacrificed, as so much fuel, to the furnaces that were soldering together the chains of empire. His work, viewed from the sociological angle, by its very moderateness did as much to expose the new abuses as the parliamentary activity of the radicals; and reaching an enormous public was largely instrumental in rousing the national conscience. This aspect of Dickens as a social reformer Mr. Leacock has not sufficiently stressed, nor has he paid enough attention to what may easily come to be recognised as his chief claim to immortality—I mean his public readings. His influence over an audience was, from all accounts, complete. (It is worth noting, perhaps, that he could send his wife into a trance; and he was always keenly interested in hypnotism.) He did not so much read as act chosen parts of his work (suitably arranged for the platform), and appears to have represented most powerfully in his own person the lesser conceptions of his imagination. It would be difficult to exaggerate Dickens's histrionic ability, and there seems no doubt that the stage lost in the novelist a very great actor indeed.

Mr. Leacock is a traditionalist in the worst sense of the word. His biography contains nothing that has not been said before, and what criticism he has to offer seems to have been numbed by an awed manner of approach to a sacred subject. His "life" is little more than an abridgment of Forster's great work; his original criticism is confined to a hypothetical solution of the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood*; and his research has added the important contribution to our knowledge of Dickens that he stayed at Rasco's, *not* Peasco's, hotel in Montreal.

It remains to be said that Dickens scholars will find little to interest them in this book, which barely passes muster as an introduction to his life and work for the general reader.

RICHARD STRACHEY

THE LEARNED DANE

Linguistica. Selected Papers in English, French and German. By OTTO JESPERSEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 18*s.*

This latest volume offered by the learned Dane to the language conscious public consists of twenty-one articles. The oldest, his first considerable pronouncement on the so-called "laws" of sound-change, dates from 1886, and the most recent, his farewell lecture at Copenhagen, from 1925. Most of them have already appeared in various periodicals, and are here reprinted with what modifications and additions have seemed desirable.

Some of the articles, however appealing to the practised philologist, will be rather heavy going for the interested amateur. Such are "Wesen und System der Sprachlaute", "Verners Gesetz und das Wesen des Akzents", "Voiced and voiceless fricatives in English." But even the interested amateur, if he reads German, may find pleasure and profit in the series of three articles which embody the writer's views at three periods of his life (1886, 1904, 1933) on the Lautgesetzfrage. Professor Jespersen has never been an extremist, and he was one of the first to question the dogmatic assertions of the *Neugrammatiker* as to the laws of sound-change admitting of no exceptions. Like the great Hugo Schuchardt, he declines to regard these laws as though they had been delivered to mankind upon Mount Sinai; he makes due allowance for the intrusion of the human element and rejects the theory of purely mechanical and uncontrolled sound-change. Much is due, in his opinion, to imitation—"Ohne nachahmung keine sprache." The sections which will have most interest for English readers are those on the Symbolic value of the vowel I, Monosyllabism in English, Veiled Language, and a Supposed Feminine Ending. By the Vowel I, he does not usually mean the sound heard in *fine* (which is comparatively modern), but that heard in *bit* and *little*, or in *wee*, which "serves often to indicate what is small, slight, insignificant, or weak." This essay is written in English, and most of the examples are taken from our language. *Clink* is a thinner sound than *clank*; *flipping* is less audible than *flopping*; little birds *peep*, lions *roar*. The accepted pronunciation of *women* is so "weak and whimpering" that true feminists prefer to speak of a *woman's*, rather than *women's*, *college*, etc. "Swift was aware of the symbolic value of vowels when he called the land of dwarfs *Lilliput* and that of giants *Brobdingnag*." Many examples are given of *i* words indicating the weak and small (*wee*, *weeny*, *finical*, *flimsy*, *piffling*,

etc), children or young animals (*kid, nipper, piccanniny, shrimp, tit*), and small things (*tittle, chip, pip*). It is not suggested that such words were deliberately manufactured for a special purpose, but merely that their popularity and their victory over their rivals may be ascribed to their phonetic fitness. The whole article is quite amusing, though one misses a digression on "mincing" pronunciation as exemplified in the old-fashioned *by Ged* and Mr. Mantalini's *demnition*.

The monosyllabic character of English is perhaps a reflection of a practical national character. It has come about largely by phonetic and inflexional decay. "On one page of narrative old English prose no less than sixty-nine words have been reduced from two or three syllables to one." Words that are recalcitrant to this process are often subjected to Procrustean treatment, and so we get *pub, zep, maths, prep*, etc., a type of formation, or deformation, much commoner in English than in any other European language. We are particularly fond of monosyllabic verbs with multitudinous meanings (*put, take, set*, etc.), and rather than use a longer word we combine these monosyllables with monosyllabic adverbs and prepositions, as in *set up*, a combination which, according to the Oxford Dictionary, has about sixty different meanings! It need hardly be said that the result of our monosyllabism is a wealth of homonyms which are a positive godsend to the lewd punster of the baser sort.

Veiled language deals chiefly with English witticisms involving puns on place-names and personal names, real or imaginary. Most of them are malevolently clumsy, *e.g.*, the old saying "He that takes a wife from Shrewsbury must carry her into Staffordshire or else live in Cumberland," in which the punning reference to *shrew, staff* (of correction) and *cumber* is obvious. Occasionally this sort of trick has been used gracefully, as in Tom Hood's lines on Birth:

> And one little craft is cast away
> In its very first trip in Babbicombe Bay
> While another rides safe at Port Natal.

The latest personification of this type is perhaps *Nosey Parker*. I first came across him in Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival* (1912), and am interested to find that this is also the earliest record discovered by the recently issued Supplement of the O.E.D. We may compare those well-known Americans, *Mr. Wisenheimer* and *Mr. Buttinsky*.

The Supposed Feminine Ending is *ster*, which, I suppose on the strength of *spinster*, has always been described as such. Without solving its etymological origin, Professor Jespersen maintains that there is nothing essentially feminine about it, that it has generally been applied to males, as in *gamester, maltster, deemster, brewster*, etc., and that, when the female is clearly indicated, a real feminine ending is added, as in *songstress, sempstress*, etc.

ERNEST WEEKLEY

CHARLES EDWARD AT DERBY

Derby and the Forty-five. By L. EARDLEY-SIMPSON. With an Introduction by JOHN BUCHAN. *Philip Allan.* 15s.

Most books about the Forty-five Rebellion are such contemptible stuff that when one of any worth appears it is apt to make a favourable impression in excess of its deserts. With this *caveat lector*, let us say that Major Eardley-Simpson's is not only a good book, but by far the most important contribution to the subject since Dr. Blaikie's classic studies. Even warmer words might be used of a book that for the first time gives the Forty-five its proper emphasis as a great event of *English* history.

If it be true that there is a divinely ordered scheme of rewards and punishments after death, the soul of Charles Edward Stuart must be in a bad way and making purgatory echo with his protests against being remembered only as a shadowy young man with fair hair and a receding chin, who wore a kilt and somehow became "king o' the Hielan' hearts, Bonnie Prince Charlie." Surely his earthly sins did not deserve such a posthumous degradation. In his own day he was anything but a shadowy figure. No comet could have inspired a greater terror than he did when he suddenly swam into the firmament of British politics, and the sudden extinction of his glory was celebrated by his enemies with hysterical outpourings of thanksgiving. The conflict between the facts and the sentimental legend of the Forty-five is such that one almost suspects the latter to be a subtle invention of Whig propaganda designed to convince people that Charles Edward was never to be taken seriously. Even the most serious and conscientious historians of Jacobitism have unwittingly conspired in the falsification by treating Charles Edward's adventure as if it contained only two parts—the events from Glenfinnan to Prestonpans, and then Culloden and its sequel in the heather. These have been given far more minute and laborious study than they are historically worth. The far more important episode—in fact, the only part of the Forty-five that really mattered—has always been neglected. That, of course, was the invasion of England, probably the most daring and brilliant feat of strategy ever carried out on British soil. It involves one of the most perplexing of historical mysteries: Why, with an unbeaten army, did Charles Edward stop dead at Derby, about-turn, and make tracks for Scotland with all possible speed? It is Major Eardley-Simpson's paradoxical merit that he not only does not solve the mystery, but makes it more baffling than ever.

When in the late fall of 1745 Charles Edward marched his Highland host into Cumberland he had some excuse for being optimistic about the issue. From a military point of view he was in possession of Scotland; and if his political conquest of the country was still incomplete, there was nothing to worry about in that. Any show of success in England would bring over the waverers and reduce the irreconcilables to sulky acquiescence. As to England's response, he knew that the fears of George's ministers were as lively as his own hopes: some, perhaps Newcastle himself, were already taking the first cautious steps in hedging against the risk of his triumph. The West Coast route was not his own idea. If he had been left to himself he would have crossed the Tweed and made for Newcastle-on-Tyne to meet Wade with every chance of winning another Prestonpans. But Lord George Murray thought otherwise, and Murray was a shrewd and adroit soldier, who believed that success was more likely to be obtained from a war of manoeuvre, and that with so small a force—the most liberal estimate is 7,500 men—they could not afford to fight where it was not absolutely essential. Moreover, the Western route was the more likely to yield recruits. In particular, it was expected that the Welsh mountaineers would join the Scottish. Yet Charles Edward reached Derby without receiving any accessions save a few hundred men from Lancashire—not enough to make good his losses by desertion. The English and

THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION
The Week-end Review

POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS to *The Week-end Review* will receive the combined paper from the amalgamation next week (see editorial note on front page), but if there are any who wish to cancel the remaining portions of their subscriptions, the Publisher will refund them.

Communications should be addressed
10 GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2

Welsh Jacobites still hesitated, and Major Eardley-Simpson argues that Murray's avoidance of battle was to blame. Here was a case where a Fabian policy was definitely wrong. A victory on English soil would have decisively turned the scale. But at Derby Charles Edward hesitated, or rather yielded to the hesitations of others. Murray and the majority of his advisers for some reason feared to go on. In vain Charles Edward protested that if they went on they would at least have a sporting chance, whereas retreat would mean certain failure. What exactly happened at the fatal council we shall never know. The accounts that have come down to us are hopelessly contradictory. All that can be inferred is that at Derby intelligence was received that Murray regarded as grave. Afterwards a certain Bradstreet professed to tell the story. He said that, being employed as a Hanoverian spy, he presented himself at the Prince's headquarters and, having successfully passed himself off as a would-be recruit to the Cause, told a pack of lies about the strength of the Hanoverian dispositions that the council of war accepted without question. Nobody can believe a Bill Adams story like that. Murray was not a man to take panic decisions. He and those who held with him must have realised as well as anybody how ruinous would be the effect of their decision on the moral of the army, yet they insisted upon it. Something had gone wrong, and badly wrong.

Major Eardley-Simpson is an enthusiast, and his estimates of the English support Charles Edward would have received forthwith if he had marched on and smashed Wade and Ligonier at Northampton are not to be accepted without reserve; and by the same token we are not convinced that Cumberland's and Ligonier's forces were as contemptible as he represents them. For success by fighting Charles Edward needed, as we have said, another Prestonpans. A dubious victory would have been as bad as a defeat. Yet it is difficult, in view of such knowledge as we now have of the facts, to deny that the risk was worth taking; and the fact that Charles Edward did not insist on taking it reveals the flaw in his character that made him just miss greatness. His instincts were nearly always right, even when all the arguments were on the other side. But he never could impose his will in a crisis.

DONALD CARSWELL

Reflecting Age and Quality

This is an untouched photograph of a glass containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how it reflects the shadow of the cask in which it lay . . . recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in cask for thirty-five years.

Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

An illustrated booklet, "The Art of Drinking" dealing with the history, distillation and uses of Cognac Brandy, will be sent free on application to Messrs. Matthew Clark & Sons, Ltd., 14 Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

REVOLUTIONARY SPAIN

The New Spain. By SIR GEORGE YOUNG. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

No more unpleasant affliction can seize upon a writer than facetiousness. Once even the most learned man is falsely convinced that he is a humorist, his works become intolerable. Sir George knows a great deal about Spain, and his comments are often wise, but, alas, though he does not know it, they are not witty. On each page the inevitable platitude dressed as an epigram is shudderingly awaited. The best are borrowed: his verdict on Alfonso is "he was a good king as kings go, and as kings go, he went." But it is a pity that to drag in this jest, Sir George's verdict on the last Bourbon should have to be favourable. For all the facts that he gives point to an unfavourable verdict.

Nevertheless, it may be that we are unjust to Sir George. What standards he judges by it is very difficult to say. He rebukes the Press for not crusading for the unity of Christendom, and informs us that Conservatives always carry out Communist policy. Jumbling together almost every kind of soldier-politician he writes:

> Spain is more fortunate than most countries in having soldiers who can, if required, assume the responsibilities of a Riego, an Espartero, a Serrano, a Paria, and a Primo de Rivera.

What, therefore, this eminent ex-diplomat thinks about policy it is very diffcult to say, and it would be discourteous to assume that he does not think at all, Still, it is certainly true that he is more valuable as a recorder than an interpreter. Except for Mr. McCabe's admirable *Spain in Revolt* (Lane, 1931), there has been no noteworthy account of revolutionary Spain, and the facts which Sir George gives are facts which are very little known and very necessary to knowledge.

Since he wrote, history has done him an ill-service. He is very deeply impressed (as very few sensible people are not) by the admirable progress of the Azaña Government. He assumed too easily that because that Government was doing good work it would be allowed to continue. In Spain there is, in addition to the three permanent players which are named the Church, the Army and the Crown, a special pestilence of professional politicians, who rule by graft, ballot-faking and violence in a manner only developed elsewhere in the United States. The revolution ejected these gentlemen from offices which they had shared in comfortable rotation since living man's memory.

When Azaña was juggled out of office by Lerroux, these gentlemen came back. Already undesirable ballot boxes have been "lost," and one criminal millionaire has bribed his way out of prison. The present tense must, unfortunately, be changed to the past in all the cases in which Sir George details the honourable advances made by the revolution. Within two months it has become probable that, instead of a period of peaceful progress, Spain will pass through a period of violent internal conflict, the outcome of which will depend largely upon the strength and courage possessed by the Spanish Trade Unions and Socialist Party. Extra-parliamentary action in Spain has always meant bloodshed, and Sir George's cheerful optimism is no longer justified.

MONEY AND GOODS

The Search for Confidence in 1932. By A. H. ABBATI. *King.* 6s.

The Unclaimed Wealth Utilisation Committee, which sits at Geneva under the chairmanship of Mr. Abbati, performs a conspicuous service to the cause of recovery by laying bare the industrial and financial roots of depression, and by urging a bold governmental policy of remedial finance. The "Unclaimed Wealth" consists of that large body of useful goods and services which cannot get produced by the capital and labour available for this production, because of the lack of purchasing power in the hands of the would-be consumers. Since Mr. Abbati began his work the under-consumption thesis has come under recognition, though most economists still boggle at the oversaving explanation of it, and few are yet prepared to regard that oversaving as a natural result of mal-distribution of income.

In these chapters (usefully recommended by Sir Basil Blackett in his Introduction) Mr. Abbati is concerned with finding a sound financial policy for recovery, especially for those great creditor countries which have in their hands the keys of world finance. His central proposal—the governmental financing of large public works—is not, of course, a novel one, for it was strongly argued in the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission over twenty years

Book Guild Fiction CHOICE for JANUARY

JACK LINDSAY is a classical scholar of distinguished credentials, a man of shrewd practical judgment and of acute insight into the motives of human conduct. He has a graphic pen and a poet's imaginative comprehension. In writing this account, in fictional form, of the Cataline Conspiracy in Rome two thousand years ago, he presents a crowded stage full of colour, grandeur and impressive movement of a great empire that is falling into a decline.

PUBLISHED JANUARY 4
8/6 net

ROME

"*Mr. Lindsay presents a stirring drama supremely well mounted,*" *says* **COLIN STILL** *in his preface.* "*It is a spirited and colourful narrative, displayed against a vividly detailed background.*"

for SALE

and now—

THEY RIDE AGAIN!

by COLLIN BROOKS

Dick Turpin and his highwaymen return! The colour, the noise and the swashbuckling deeds will thrill you as you have never been thrilled since your schooldays. Here is a novel of the first water—packed with incident, crowded with swaggering life, set in an age when the hand swiftest to the sword won through!

PUBLISHED **7/6** NET JANUARY 4

CONTRACT WITH JAMES by ROSE HENNIKER HEATON and PHYLLIS BOSWORTH

"James . . . . is as endearing in his lordly habits as ever . . . . irresistible."—*The Observer.*

7/6 net each

NOW READY

KATHLEEN HEWITT'S **FETISH**

"Altogether this is a novel to be recommended and read. If it is read, it is sure to be recommended."—*The Observer.*

ELKIN MATHEWS & MARROT LIMITED
44 ESSEX STREET STRAND LONDON W.C.2

ago. It is reinforced in the Report of a National Progressive Conference in America last year, to the effect that:

> In order that governmental employment may operate to counteract rather than to reinforce business depression, it is necessary that expenditure be expended at just those times when revenues fall off and budgets are straitened.

The idle capital and labour can be put into the production of public goods by the Government paying out of its resources the necessary costs of employment. But from what funds? In times of depression the expenditure could not be met out of the current revenue. No. Under such circumstances the annual balancing of the budget must be suspended. During the emergency of war there is no attempt to balance the budget. But peace also hath her emergencies. The deficit incurred in bad years should be made up by the surpluses in good years. In other words, there is no sacred significance in taking a twelve months' run instead of a whole trade-cycle as the period for equating expenditure and income. The money is available; it lies uninvested and ready to take up public loans. The effect of such public expenditure will be to call into use waste capital and labour, reduce expenditure on unemployed relief, raise the price level by increased consumers' purchases, and enlarge the yield of direct and indirect taxation. This policy of public finance, however, should be undertaken not by single national action but by an international concerted plan. The restoration process will bring about prosperity in trade which will furnish the necessary public revenue to recoup the outlay.

Mr. Abbati reinforces his proposals by an interesting essay on "The Strength of Sterling" and a keen discussion of the relations between creditor and debtor nations in the struggle for gold. He points out the economic damage that would accrue from reduction in armaments unless the money saved were applied to the expansion of other markets. A more doubtful part of his policy is that of "a suspension of taxation" in countries engaged in reflation: there is no guarantee that the money thus left in the taxpayers' pocket would either go to increase buying of consumers' goods, or would be usefully absorbed in new investments. This remission of taxation does not seem a necessary or even a serviceable factor in Mr. Abbati's plan of salvation. J. A. HOBSON

CRUISING

ON THE ONE HAND
The need for cash to pay wine bills, laundry charges, tips, and odd expenses on board the ship.

AND ON THE OTHER
The danger of carrying on one's person or in the luggage more than a minimum sum in notes.

The two may be reconciled in our Travellers Cheques of £5 or £10 each, which Customers may buy at a moment's notice at any of our branch offices; the £5 cheques are generally the handier. For obtaining foreign money for use ashore, we again suggest our Travellers Cheques; or if only loose change is needed, it can usually be had on board before touching in at ports of call

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

COMMON SENSE AND TWO NIGHTMARES

End of an Ancient Mariner. By G. D. H. and M. COLE. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Siamese Twin Mystery. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Scarlet Messenger. By HENRY HOLT. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The theme of this Cole story is "murder will out." "The police are . . . no more efficient than doctors, or lawyers, or bankers, or any other lot of pundits. But in spite of human frailty" (Inspector Wilson goes on to say) "I do think that the truth has a way of coming uncovered, if only the pure routine is reasonably well organised." This is an ominous pronouncement. Not content with deflating our hero, the super-sleuth, and our butt, the comic village policeman (Chief-Constable Welsh, of military origin presumably, is allowed to be funny), the Coles simply run amok; they prick the bubble of mystery with their wretched pin of common sense, making it obvious who did the murder and how. Common sense is the bad fairy at the christening where detective fiction is concerned. Only a rag of mystery remains to adorn the motive for disposing of the ancient mariner. There is a superb scene in which a fluffy, conventional mother listens to an account of her daughter's predatory elopement over the telephone, but it is quite irrelevant. Apart from character and social satire, there is nothing to occupy the reader; he waits for Truth to impinge on the policemen. This she does gradually through a series of improbable encounters, her vaunted will to publicity convincing nobody.

Ellery Queen guards the cradle well against common sense; his setting involves the maximum of expectation and horror. If you are prepared to accept at the outset a blend of three unlikely situations, one of them produced by the Siamese twins, you may embark on a nightmare ride in which each scene has its logical justification: the nightmare preserves its own rules. The one unnecessary element is an old Caliban named Bones. A more ordinary manservant would have served the purpose better, and would have introduced an upright into a picture of whirling, twisted relationships. Some put Ellery Queen stories high and some dismiss them as sensational nonsense; *The Siamese Twin Mystery* will deplete the opposition considerably. It is sensational nonsense, just as nightmares are; it succeeds because it has exactly the qualities of a vivid and absorbing dream.

The Scarlet Messenger is another nightmare story. An atmosphere of horrible expectation is created by threatening messages; suspicion shifts from character to character without locating the source. The effect is a little spoilt by our certainty that however many faithful supporters perish the intended victim will survive and marry, but we get a lively ride for our money. The clues (it is fair to say this much) are psychological and almost too well hidden. O. M.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Golden Pilgrimage. By SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH. *Denis Archer.* 8s. 6d.

Here is a book for those who take pleasure in scenes and stories of the East. Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah is a tireless traveller and a keen observer. He has a profound love and knowledge of the Muslim lands, from his own native Afghanistan down to the Holy City of Mecca, and across from Istambul to Tehran. He has had a Western education, and he writes a rich, if not absolutely impeccable, English style. This book is a picture of a pilgrimage—or rather, the pilgrims' caravan, on the move or at rest, is the background of the picture. In the foreground we have a succession of tales told, after the fashion of the *Canterbury Tales*, by one or another of the company, warriors, students, philosophers and merchants, Afghans, Egyptians, Uzbeks, Kurds (and even an odd Scotsman). Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah is a good *raconteur*, and he mixes grave and gay, fact and fancy, in fair measure. Among the most vivid things in the book is his account of his own experiences in Mecca.

Dickens all the Year Round: A Dickens Anthology. Arranged by H. N. WETHERED and CHARLES TURLEY. *Seeley Service.* 8s. 6d.

Dickens: Positively the First Appearance. By F. J. HARVEY DARTON. *Argonaut Press.* 7s. 6d.

Lovers of Dickens might have thought that he could not "be tasted in a sip." It is Messrs. Wethered and Turley's achievement that in their anthology they have demonstrated that he can, and this to the satisfaction of Mr. Bernard Darwin, whose introduction is a little gem of penetrative criticism. The scheme of the anthology is to give an

Those who have read Married Love should read the continuation

ENDURING PASSION

By Marie C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D.

(50th thous.) 6s. net. (Post 4d.)

Dr. Stopes gives illuminating attention to the Solution of Difficulties which may arise during later life; and she shows how ideal sex contentment can and should be maintained.

"Numbers of needlessly unhappy marriages have been set right by her instruction."
—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Order *Enduring Passion* from your bookseller. For full list of books by Dr. Stopes write to

PUTNAM: 24, Bedford St., W.C.2

ESSAYS ON MONETARY MANAGEMENT

By J. STAFFORD, M.A. 7s. 6d.

It is the purpose of these essays to inquire into the manner in which disturbances acting upon the monetary system react in turn upon the real income of the community. Various methods by which a monetary system can be insulated from external disturbing forces are discussed, and their suitability to the end of maximising domestic economic welfare is analysed.

GOLD, UNEMPLOYMENT AND CAPITALISM: Essays and Addresses.

By T. E. GREGORY, D.Sc., Sir Ernest Cassel Professor of Economics in the University of London. 12s.

The main divisions of the book, Gold, America, Central Banking, International Trade and Unemployment and Capitalism, show clearly the subjects with which Professor Gregory deals, and the whole collection is an interesting survey of what has been happening in the economic field during these last few difficult years and of a distinguished economist's reaction to these events.

THE FOUNDATION OF INDUSTRIAL STABILITY

By E. M. DALTROFF. 7s. 6d.

Monetary management cannot by itself ensure stability. The primary essential is an appropriate balance of earnings between the various industrial groups. The full implications of this are investigated and the parts played by money and credit and "confidence" are discussed in relation to the fundamental requirements. Certain definite conclusions emerge as guiding principles for devising the practical measures required for the attainment of maximum employment and maximum stability under the existing order.

P. S. KING & SON
WESTMINSTER

TEMPLE BAR 6306

1934

A modern political bookshop Specialists in all aspects of the LABOUR and Socialist MOVEMENT

Collet's

LATE HENDERSONS "THE BOMB SHOP"
66 CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON

Opening January 8th

THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY

JAN.—MARCH, 1934

GERMANY & GENEVA
A Swiss View—A Belgian View—
A Norwegian View

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT
by H. J. LASKI

AMERICA'S RECOVERY IN THE BALANCE
by O. G. VILLARD

THE FACTORY ACTS, 1833-1933
by W. A. ROBSON

OTHER ARTICLES, SURVEYS & REVIEWS

Published by Macmillan & Co. Of all Booksellers, 5/-. Annual Subscription £1

Special Offer: New Subscribers will be given, free of charge, copies of the last two issues

extract from one or other of the novels and stories for every day of every month for a calendar year; and the most pernickety critic will be puzzled where to use his blue pencil. The selectors open and close with Pickwick, and thereafter, ranging over the whole field, return again and again to that masterpiece. Mr. Harvey Darton reprints for the first time in its integrity that story which young Dickens "dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street," and which duly "appeared in all the glory of print" in the *Monthly Magazine* of December, 1832, from which Mr. Darton has now recovered it. As this was the story that formed the nucleus of *Sketches by Boz*, and so launched Dickens upon his victorious career as a novelist, it has a peculiar interest. A note of half-hearted disparagement by Mr. Darton runs through the book and leads up to the appalling statement that "it used to be the custom to compare Dickens and Miss Corelli, to the detriment of both." Who were the celebrants of this unseemly custom, and where did they flourish?

The Illiteracy of the Literate. By H. R. HUSE. *Appleton.* 7s. 6d.

Though the author gives himself all the airs of an independent writer, and may be so, he achieves nothing more than an elementary introduction to the work of I. A. Richards. He discusses the relation of language and thought, and points out how little language is used as a means of direct communication, how much for calling up emotion and suggesting a state of mind not contained in the factual reference of the world. His exposition of these things is loose in arrangement: both repetitive and disconnected. In addition, his book is American in instance, and written in an American essay style which is regrettable not only Englishly but absolutely.

Christian Myth and Ritual: An Historical Study. By E. O. JAMES. *Murray.* 12s.

That the theology and rituals of the Christian Churches are mainly derivative, and that they incorporate (and no doubt sublimate) pagan beliefs and practices has long been apparent to students of comparative religion. It is the merit of Professor James's study that it deals with the pagan origins not only of Christian beliefs, but also and more with those of Christian rituals. Without going all the way with him in his attributions, it may be said that he is generally able to produce substantial evidence in support of his conclusions. Professor James insists again and again that one of the deepest cravings of man is the desire to dramatise his religious beliefs and experiences. When Christianity appeared, the drama was at hand in mysteries and ceremonies of initiation and participation, and much was at once absorbed by the new religion, which if it conquered by its superior ethos, nevertheless did not hesitate to adopt modes of thought and ceremony familiar throughout the Roman Empire. Perhaps the best proof of the soundness of the theory that the bulk of the Churches' ritual and theology was not of Christian invention is the fact that the authors of the Gospels say so little about either. In fact the one authority hardly quoted in this study is the Founder of Christianity Himself.

Interest on Current Accounts

During the past year the C.W.S. BANK has paid interest at the rate of 2% per annum on current accounts. The commission charge is quite moderate.

Subscriptions, insurance premiums, building society payments, etc., etc., may be left to the care of the Bank, once a standing order has been lodged.

Annual Turnover - £650,000,000

Write or Call.

C·W·S· BANK

HEAD OFFICE:
1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:
LONDON: 99, Leman Street, E.1.
42, Kingsway, W.C.2.
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: West Blandford Street.
BRISTOL: Broad Quay.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 54.—CUES

The actor Caryl Grusome was found shot in his dressing-room after a performance of *Hamlet*. The case, quite certainly, was not one of suicide. The cast was a quarrelsome one, and Grusome is known to have been on bad terms with several of his fellow-actors. Among those under suspicion, accordingly, are Desmond Quipp, who played Laertes; Florian Overmuch, who played the King; Lilith Thilly, who played Ophelia; Henn Coope, who played Polonius; and Paravane Smythe, who played First Gravedigger. Unfortunately, Grusome was shot with his own automatic, and the only clue is what appears to be a list of "cues," scrawled by Grusome on the back of a play-bill after he had been shot.

This runs as follows:

"*Mark well:*

What wouldst thou have, Laertes? . . . will he tell us what this show meant? . . . you are keen, my lord, you are keen . . . o, I am slain . . . exit."

Does this document throw any light upon the identity of Grusome's murderer?

PROBLEM 52.—THE GREEK TRANSLATION

It is not difficult to discover that *Bowler* translated the paper. Most solvers, however, have discovered this by "short-cut" methods and have missed what, to me, is the amusing thing about this problem—that it is not possible to state definitely what the three true statements are. One of them must be Cribb's third statement ("Well, I was in Arfback's company all afternoon"), but the other two can be *either* Arfback's first statement and Bowler's third, *or* Arfback's third statement and Bowler's first.

PROBLEM 51.—DUDPORE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to D. M. Bensusan-Butt, The Minories High Street, Colchester.

There were 110 correct solutions.

Five points are awarded for this problem.

TWO MORE CONUNDRUMS

I

Yes; this is missing from my stop-watch. Why?
Because this kind of watch I chose to buy.

II

Chief leader in a warlike nation?
Or penny-a-liner's exhortation?
Find the two words.

I will present a copy of the *Playtime Omnibus* for the first correct solution opened.

TWO CONUNDRUMS

I

DECIDED

II

PENDANT

A copy of the *Playtime Omnibus* goes to W. E. Cossons, 219 Hole Lane, Northfield, Birmingham.

PLAYTIME DINNER

FINAL NOTICE. The dinner takes place next Thursday, January 11th, at the Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2 (just by Temple Station), at 7.30 for 8. Morning dress. All readers of this column, and as many friends as they care to bring, will be welcome at the dinner.

This year CALIBAN will preside, and the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be the Guest of Honour.

Tickets are still available, but application should be made at once, please, to Mr. S. T. Shovelton, King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Price 5s., inclusive of everything but wines. CALIBAN

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

10 FOR 8D.
20 FOR 1/4
50 FOR 3/3

Handmade
20 FOR 1/6
Also obtainable in other packings

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the '*Three Castles.*'"
—THE VIRGINIANS.

T.T. 1318

HIBBERT JOURNAL

A Quarterly Review of Religion, Theology and Philosophy
Edited by L. P. JACKS

JANUARY ISSUE NOW READY

CONTENTS

THE THEOLOGY OF CRISIS
By M. CHANNING-PEARCE, M.A. (OXON)
A PHILOSOPHY OF CIVILISATION
By DOROTHY M. EMMET
PSYCHOANALYSIS AND PSYCHOSYNTHESIS
By ROBERT ASSAGIOLI, M.D.
PROCESS AND PURPOSE By JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM
PURPOSIVE ACTION By H. W. B. JOSEPH
THE GROUP MOVEMENT By R. F. RYND
THE YOUNG MAN'S WORLD By R. A. EDWARDS
JEWISH EMANCIPATION AND THE ENGLISH JEW
By C. G. MONTEFIORE
TITHE BATTLES By R. F. NAFTEL
THE GODS OF THE MAYA By LEWIS SPENCE
LOUISA ALCOTT AND HER FATHER
By MRS. OLIVER ELTON
ARTHUR CUSHMAN McGIFFERT
By AMBROSE W. VERNON, D.D.
SURVEY OF RECENT THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE
By REV. PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.
REVIEWS.

2/6 net. Annual Subscription 10/- (post free)

Applications from intending subscribers for a free specimen copy should be addressed to the Publishers,

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.
10 & 12, ORANGE ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

CHILD PSYCHIATRY

A Course of Eighteen Lectures for
Educationalists, Social Workers and those with similar training.
TUESDAYS, 5.30 p.m., 6.30 p.m. and 8.30 p.m., beginning JANUARY 16th, at The Institute of Medical Psychology, 6, TORRINGTON PLACE, W.C.1. FEE for the course **£1 - 1s.**
Detailed syllabus and tickets IN ADVANCE from the HON. LECTURE SECRETARY at the Institute.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

●

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

●

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V106 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES BUILDING SOCIETY

DIRECTORS:
The Viscount Brentford. Sir George Thurston, K.B.E.
J. Hugh Edwards, Esq., J.P. A. Skelt, Esq. W. Skelt, Esq.

FOR A LIMITED PERIOD

SHARES will be ISSUED at 5% TAX FREE *EQUIVALENT TO* £6 - 13 - 4%

A SAFE AND SOUND INVESTMENT

Call or write: SOUTHERN COUNTIES BUILDING SOCIETY
(Dept. S7), 16, CITY ROAD, E.C.1. Telephones: National 0126-7-8

A Pamphlet of the Moment!

THE DYING PEACE. By Vigilantes. 56 pages. 6d.

PUBLISHED BY
NEW STATESMAN & NATION, 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2